

The People.

SUNDAY EDITION.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER FOR ALL CLASSES.

LONDON, SUNDAY, MARCH 11, 1923.

DRINK & ENJOY
LIPTON'S
TEA

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD

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BRITAIN'S FINE EXAMPLE TO THE WORLD.

CUT OF MILLIONS IN NAVY ESTIMATES.

KEEPING FAITH WITH WASHINGTON PACT.

PROSPECTS OF EASED TAXATION.

Outstanding events in a particularly interesting week of political activity include:—

New Cabinet appointments following defeats at by-elections.

Liberal Unity parleys, and hopes of reduced taxation held out by substantial cuts in Estimates.

The two new appointments were:—Minister of Health: Mr. Neville Chamberlain, in place of Sir A. Griffith-Boscawen, and Postmaster-General: Sir W. Joynson-Hicks, in place of Mr. Neville Chamberlain. There are several vacancies still to be filled.

The reduction in the Navy Estimates totals over £8,000,000, and although the Air Estimates show an increase of about £1,000,000, there is to be a total saving on the spending services for 1923-4 of over £100,000,000.

BRITAIN'S LEAD.

WASHINGTON PACT RESPONSIBLE FOR LARGE SAVINGS.

The Government's determination to ease the burdens of the Nation commensurate with its future safety, is demonstrated in the Estimates for 1923-4 of the spending services.

A reduction of £8,075,000 is to be made in the cost of the Navy. This is the first time of the Washington Navy Limitation Treaty signed by the Great Powers last year.

The treaty has since been approved by all the Powers who signed, except France, but Mr. L. S. Amery, the First Lord of the Admiralty, points out in an explanatory statement issued with the Estimates that no other Power has so far followed the example of this country, which, in anticipation of the ratification of the treaty, has already sold or broken up all the capital ships scheduled to be scrapped under the treaty except the Lion.

ACT OF FAITH. "This act of faith," writes Mr. Amery, "though involving risks, has secured for the taxpayer the immediate reduction of large economies which would otherwise be deferred."

The main figures in the estimates of the Navy and Air Force are as follows:—

	Gross.	Net.
Navy	£81,461,105	£58,000,000
Air Force ..	12,000,000	12,011,000

Total £93,461,105 Total £70,011,000

The gross Navy estimates show a cut of eight millions. The net estimates are £58,000,000, while the present year's figures are £68,000,000. The reduction in the Navy is shown in the progressive fall in the estimates in the last three years:—

	Gross.	Net.
1921-2	£82,518,000	£53,444,000
1922-3	68,478,000	46,478,000
1923-4	81,461,105	58,000,000

The new gross estimates are £81,461,105, a reduction of 14 per cent., while the net estimate shows a reduction of £25,000,000, equivalent to about 30 per cent.

AIR FORCE.

The estimates for the Air Service compared with last year's figures are as follows:—

	Gross.	Net.
1922-3	£15,000,000	£16,000,000
1923-4	12,000,000	12,011,000

Increase

The increase is due to expansion of the force for home defence.

An explanatory memorandum states that there is every reason to anticipate that from now on the orders issued by the Air Ministry in ordinary course, and on a strict estimate of requirements, will be sufficient to maintain an adequate number of aviation units on a sound and stable basis.

STOP PRESS.
FOR LATEST NEWS
SEE BACK PAGE.

NO CENTRE PARTY.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S REPLY TO MR. ASQUITH.

The question of Liberal Re-union raised by Mr. Lloyd George's proposal has again been to the fore during the past few days.

Replying in a speech to the ex-Premier, Mr. Asquith declared: "I am all for Liberal re-union; I believe it is inevitable. My one desire in politics is to help to reconstitute the Liberal Party in its old and rightful position."

Has Mr. Lloyd George abandoned the idea of a Centre Party? There is no place for me in such a party. A campaign by a united Liberal Party against Labour as the "common enemy" does not appear to me to be either sound or attractive.

The next development in the movement was the publication of a reply from Mr. Lloyd George to a letter from Major Estlin, M.P., in which he declared that the idea of a Centre Party had been definitely abandoned.

The ex-Premier further said that no Liberal ought as a condition of re-union to be asked to change his opinions as to the policy of the Coalition Government of 1915-1922, or to refrain from giving expression to his views with regard to them or their activities.

He added: "I have received no answer to my suggestion of a friendly conference (with the Independent Liberals), which still stands."

Mr. Alexander Shaw, M.P., has called a meeting for to-morrow of the 70 Liberal members who signed the re-union manifesto some weeks ago.

HOUSING BILL.

PREMIER ANNOUNCES A POSTPONEMENT.

A postponement of the Government's Housing Bill was announced in the House of Commons by Mr. Bonar Law.

Sir Kingsley Wood asked Mr. Bonar Law when the Bill would be introduced, and some laughter was created when the Premier stated that certain changes had taken place which involved a postponement.

Lively scenes, which resulted in a number of Labour members being called to order, again marked the progress of the Bill to amend the Increase of Rents Act in Standing Committee of the Commons.

Supporting an amendment which would prevent the Bill from becoming retrospective as from Dec. 1, 1922, Mr. John Robertson said that, notwithstanding the disasters of Willesden, Mitcham, and Edge Hill, he should try to convert the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General, so that they would say to their Government colleagues that the Committee was of opinion that this alteration should be made.

Mr. Groves, contending that no power should be given to landlords to extract any further money from "the unfortunate tenants," recalled that Mr. Jack Jones had said that people who attended on Mondays to collect rents ought to be sent to prison. He (Mr. Groves) thought he was right.

After the amendment had been defeated, another amendment, excluding people who had been out of employment from the Bill, was proposed and defeated.



Princess Mary and her son, George Henry Mubert Lascelles, photographed at Chesterfield House. They travelled to Goldsborough Hall, Yorkshire, yesterday.

ARSENIC MURDER CHARGE.

MRS. MORGAN'S SON IN THE DOCK.

Arrested at Inquest.

PATNETIC SCENES AFTER VERDICT.

After sitting nine days, the jury, at the inquest on Mrs. Jenny Morgan, wife of a Newport (Mon.) butcher, found late on Friday night that death was due to arsenical poisoning, and returned a verdict of wilful murder against "Willie" Morgan, the dead woman's elder son.

There were pathetic scenes when the verdict was announced. "Willie" Morgan was at once arrested.

Yesterday the youth appeared in court on the capital charge, and was remanded until next Wednesday.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)
Newport (Mon.), Saturday.

Standing between two policemen in the dock at the police-court to-day William



WILLIAM MORGAN GIVING EVIDENCE.

("Willie") Anthony Melville Morgan (23), made a pathetic figure when charged with the murder of his mother, Mrs. Jenny Morgan, through the administration of arsenic.

He was only a few yards from the Council Chamber in which he had sat for nine days listening to the story of his mother's agony in her last death struggle. He was in the same black suit he wore at the inquest and preserved the same calm manner. He smiled at his uncle, Mr. A. E. Webb, and Mr. James Lewis, his cousin, and as he disappeared down the steps to the cell corridor he wished them a cheery "good morning."

Evidently he did not realise the gravity of his position.

The proceedings were purely formal, and owing to the time of the magistrates' sitting not being generally known, only court officials and journalists were present.

Chief Det.-Insp. Nicholls, of New Scotland Yard, stated he was present in the

Coroner's court last night when the jury gave their verdict. He then arrested Morgan on the charge of murder, and Morgan did not reply.

Capt. Gower, Chief Constable of Newport, asked for a remand till Wednesday, stating that all the papers in the case had been forwarded to the Public Prosecutor.

AFFECTING SCENE.

Mr. F. H. Dauncey, solicitor for accused, offered no objection to the remand.

It is expected that on Wednesday there will be a further remand, and the case will be fully gone into on Wednesday week.

Monmouthshire Assizes, to which accused has been committed by the coroner, will be held towards the end of June.

It transpires that the verdict at the inquest was communicated to the coroner by the jury in a sealed envelope before they gave their verdict verbally in court.

The scene which followed the verdict was affecting.

Relatives embraced "Willie" Morgan. His brother Cyril swooned and had to be attended by a doctor. "Willie" himself received the verdict with composure.

In his summing-up the coroner said there were three persons in the Morgans' house who could have placed poison in the dead woman's food. The husband he described as a strange paradox—calm and indifferent at times, affectionate, loving and protective at others.

The son Willie, who suffers from delicate health, appears to have a singularly ill-balanced mind, to which ordinary motives would not appeal. The other son, Cyril, appears to have been under the influence of the elder brother. As to the evidence of Mrs. Carthy, I am very favourably impressed by it.

There was no evidence, said the coroner, that Mr. Morgan, the husband, had means of getting the poison. The salty flavour in the malted milk was consistent with a mixture of weed-killer. Who had, he asked, access to it? Did Willie tell his father about his mother's complaining of the salty taste? "Not a word," said the coroner.

After the coroner had concluded, and as a result of a message handed him, Mr. Anthony (the dead woman's sister-in-law) was recalled, and stated that Mrs. Carthy was at the Morgans' between Oct. 28 and Jan. 2. Willie declared he should seek an inquest if anything happened to his mother. A week following the death witness asked Willie not to remember his bitterness against his father.

The coroner expressed his conviction that a lot of things were being suppressed.

(Report of earlier proceedings on page 9.)

Cloudy and rather cold unsettled weather is likely to be maintained.

HOUSEHOLD GASSED BY A CAT.

DOG TO THE RESCUE.

DRAMA OF PUSSY-FOOT PERIL.

A nocturnal mouse-hunt led to the narrow escape of three persons from death by gas poisoning at Colchester, while it actually proved fatal to the cat concerned.

About five o'clock in the morning Mr. Fred Stamp, an officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, was awakened by the howling of a dog, and found his bedroom full of gas.

In spite of a growing dizziness he managed to rouse his landlady, Mrs. Lowe, and her little daughter, who slept in an adjoining room, and who were equally affected by the fumes. Mrs. Lowe particularly being almost unconscious.

Mr. Stamp then hurried downstairs, where he found a cat in a dying condition near the foot of the gas stove in the kitchen, while the landlady's dog was insensible near by.

The main tap of the stove was turned on, and it was evident that the cat, in pursuit of a mouse, had jumped on the gas oven and struck the tap with one of its paws.

Mr. Stamp succeeded in reviving the dog, but the cat died in spite of all efforts.

WEDDING PRESENT FOR THE POOR.

DUKE OF YORK'S GIFT TO FIVE BIG CITIES.

The Lord Mayor of Cardiff yesterday announced the receipt of a letter from the Duke of York's Comptroller offering £500, part of money received by H.R.H. as a wedding present, to entertain poor children of the city on his wedding day. The letter states that it is the Duke's intention to offer a similar gift to four other big cities.

FROM PRISON TO CRIME.

Only two days elapsed between the release from prison of George Everest, a fitter, and the commission by him of a burglary at Willesden, it was stated at Middlesex Sessions yesterday, when the man was sent back to gaol for another 12 months.

IN THE CAUSE OF SCIENCE.

PARALYSED MAN'S OFFER TO MEDICAL SCHOOLS.

Following the publication in our last week's issue of the article concerning the difficulties now being experienced by medical men in obtaining bodies for hospital dissection purposes, a Bedfordshire reader has written to "The People" as follows:—

Sir,—I am quite willing to offer my body for experiments to any medical school.

I am suffering from paralysis of the lower limbs, being confined to my bed with no hope of ever leaving it again, and apart from any financial assistance and sentimental objections I think it only right that cases like mine should be used for experimental purposes, in the hopes of finding a cure for this malady.

My wife and I are quite willing to sign any agreement for my body to be sent to any medical institution.—Yours Faithfully, G. W. Warren, Church End, Wrestlingworth, Sandy, Beds.

SEASIDE PROWLERS.

RESIDENCE OWNERS SHOULD BE ON THEIR GUARD.

Owners of seaside residences would do well to keep an especially keen eye on their property at the present time.

Housebreakers are getting busy—apparently they are out to reap their harvest of spoil on the eve of the season—and lock-up houses which are of the week-end residential class during the summer seem to be the object of the prowlers.

The latest instance of housebreaking was at St. Margaret's Bay last night, where the thieves secured a good haul.

LORD CREWE'S ILLNESS.

Paris, Saturday.

The following bulletin has been issued:—

Lord Crewe is suffering from pneumonia following on influenza. While his illness is severe, his strength is well maintained and his condition is as satisfactory as can be expected at this stage of the illness.—Reuter.



He Revels in Health

Are you able to bound lightly over the obstacles in your path?

Do you tingle from head to foot with overflowing vitality?

Or are you content to go on in the same old way, getting up tired, never entirely free from depression and weariness?

If that is how you feel, it is because your internal organs have forgotten how to perform their functions properly. The result is that impurities of all kinds collect in the body and enter the blood, lowering the tone of the whole system and weakening its resistance to disease germs.

But the five million members of the happy Kruschen Army of Optimists

never worry about that. They have found the easiest and surest way of combating these disadvantages of a busy city life.

Every morning they tip into their breakfast cup of tea a tiny pinch of Kruschen Salts. Taken that way it is tasteless, but this little dose stimulates the liver and kidneys to the proper performance of their duty, thoroughly cleanses all impurities from the system, and sends clear, healthy blood streaming to every part of the body.

Try it yourself. Get a 1/9 bottle, start taking it at once, and very soon you too will possess that glorious "Kruschen feeling" that makes life twenty times better than it was before.

Kruschen Salts

Good Health for a Farthing a Day

A 1/9 bottle of Kruschen Salts contains 95 doses—enough for three months—which means good health for less than a farthing a day. The dose prescribed for daily use is "as much as will lie on a sixpence" taken in the breakfast cup of tea. Every chemist sells Kruschen. Get a 1s. 9d. bottle to-morrow.



MUSIC, PLAYS AND PICTURES

Julia Neilson
The Borderers
The KingsScene from 'Quincy Adams Sawyer'...
The Palace Theatre

"THE GREAT BROXOPP."

MR. EDMUND GWENN'S FINE
ACTING IN NEW COMEDY.

After the humour of "Mr. Pini" and "The Lower Road," Mr. A. A. Milne's latest comedy, "The Great Broxopp," produced at St. Martin's Theatre, is a disappointment. It begins in an engaging manner, but neither Mr. Milne's invention nor his humour is strong enough to carry the history of Mr. Broxopp's rise and fall over the period of four acts.

Broxopp makes a fortune out of "Broxopp's Beans for Babies." The son becomes engaged to the daughter of a baron.

At the request of the baron, Broxopp sells his business, adopts the name of Chillingham, and retires into the country.

His endeavours to lead the life of a country gentleman are hopeless, and it is with something like a sense of relief that he hears the proud baron, entrusted with the investment of the Broxopp fortune, has managed to lose it all.

So Broxopp and his wife begin life again, and when curtain falls, the family are launching a scheme for "Chillingham's Cheese for Children."

Mr. Edmund Gwenn played the part of Broxopp with vigour, humour, and sincere feeling. Miss Mary Jerrold, as the wife, acted with sweetness and charm, and Mr. J. H. Roberts, as a superior butler, with many funny things to say, proved once more his worth as an actor.

"TREASURE ISLAND'S" CENTURY.

"Treasure Island," at the Strand, has just registered its first century. The occasion was celebrated by a crowded house. Mr. Arthur Bourchier has made Long John Silver a most arresting character. It is certainly one of the best impersonations in his career.

CONCERT NOTES.

Mme. Ada Sari, and the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by M. Serge Koussevitzky, will perform at the Royal Albert Hall, concert this afternoon. Wagner, Mozart, Bach, and Beethoven works will be rendered.

An afternoon concert by the Women's Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Miss Elizabeth Kuyper, will take place at the Lyceum Club, Piccadilly, today at 4 p.m.

The programme includes a new orchestral work by Miss Kuyper.

The second Philharmonic choir concert is in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday. An interesting programme of modern music is arranged. Elgar, Debussy, Holst, Balfour Gardiner, and Bachmannoff being the composers represented.

A welcome re-appearance in London will be made by Mr. Eugene D'Albert on April 5, when the famous pianist will give a Beethoven recital in the Queen's Hall.

Miss Elena Gerhardt will appear at an "extra" concert in the Queen's Hall tomorrow evening. The programme will comprise songs by Beethoven, Brahms, Grieg, Liszt, Jensen and Strauss.

Mr. Arthur Nikisch, son of the famous conductor, is giving a symphonette recital in the Queen's Hall on March 26, when he will play Schumann, Serenade, Rachmaninoff, and Liszt compositions.

"KID" LEWIS' BILL.

JUDGE'S COMMENT IN COUNTY COURT CASE.

"It is most disgraceful. A man receiving such large sums should certainly pay such small bills like this," said Judge Crawford at Southend County Court, when Ted (Kid) Lewis appeared as a judgment debtor on a sum of £38 for motor tyres.

Mr. Bestley, for the creditor, said that though three weeks ago Lewis lost a championship fight, he received £4,000. In addition he had been doing exhibition bouts on music halls, and at one time received as much as £150 a week. The solicitor observed that they had tried to serve the summons on Lewis in Blackpool and Manchester, but he was well protected.

He has kept a public house, and is something of a plutocrat," he added.

Lewis was committed for eight days, the order being suspended for 28 days.

MISTOOK POISON FOR SWEETS.

A policeman's capture of two school boys as they were about to carry off from a railway van two bottles of poison, in mistake for sweets, was related at the East Ham Police Court.

GREENROOM CHATTER.

A Much Married man.—"Yes, I've been married before—seven times—once more than Henry the Eighth, and he was some king." This line, spoken by Mr. Norman McKinnel in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" always raises a good laugh, but no one laughed more heartily at this remark than the King when he paid a visit to the theatre during the past week. This was the second visit of the Queen, who accompanied his Majesty on this occasion.

"The Borderers" at the King's.—Players will be pleased to hear that Julia Neilson is now restored to health, and will make her reappearance tomorrow at the King's, Hammer Smith, with Fred Terry in their new romantic play, "The Borderers."

"At Mrs. Beam's."—At the end of the run of "The Love Habit," Mr. Dennis Eadie has arranged with Mr. Macdonald, of the Everyman Theatre, to transfer "At Mrs. Beam's," by C. E. Munro, to the Everyman Theatre, with practically the original cast, including Miss Jean Cadell, who made such a big success in the play.

Shakespeare for Bristol.—Mr. Hamilton Baines, of the Theatre Royal, Bristol, writes me that after a 12 weeks' successful run with pantomime he will give the Bristol public a stock season of Shakespeare, beginning with Monday, March 19. The company will consist of experienced Shakespearean actors, and a special engagement has been made with Mr. Ernest Milton, who made such a successful De Levis in "Lear," and as a most impressive production of the "Old Vic." The opening play will be "The Merchant of Venice."

The Smell of the Footlights.—"An Old Actor" writes me that the old theatrical saying, "once you smell the footlights you always want to return to them," no longer holds good. This is due to the introduction of the electric light, which, like the gas, banished the evil-smelling fumes which used to arise from the old gas jets and fill the house with anything but an agreeable atmosphere. Now, thanks to Electra, this is all banished, and everything is much brighter and fresher than what it once was in the old theatre.

"Battling Bonzo."—F. W. Thomas has written a song, "Battling Bonzo," which has been set to music by that most tuneful of composers, Philip Brabham. It will be introduced with other features into "Battling Butler" at the Adelphi at the end of this week.

SHOVE HA'PENNY LURE.

2,000 PEOPLE AT CONTEST FOR CHALLENGE CUP.

No fewer than 2,000 persons were present in Reading Corn Exchange to play "Shove ha' penny" and to see it played.

For two months 128 teams of five players each, representing 63 licensed houses in Reading and district, had struggled to qualify for the semi-final and final in the competition in aid of the Royal Berkshire Hospital Sportsmen's Fund.

The silver challenge cup won by the Truro team will be held by the licensee of that house for a year. Each of the five members of the winning team received a gold medal, and each of the runners-up a silver medal.

DOCTOR MUST TELL.

NO ALTERNATIVE AT REQUEST ON GIRL TEACHER.

That a doctor must disclose confidences between himself and a dead patient was the ruling of the coroner at an inquest at Sutton Bridge, Lines, on Miss Grace Amelia Webster (21), school teacher, of Walspole, Norfolk.

The girl had been missing for three months, and her body was found in the River Nene.

Dr. Collins, of Sutton Bridge, said that the girl visited him for examination two days before she was missing. He asked whether he must disclose confidences between doctor and patient.

Mr. Bowser, the coroner, ruled that there was no alternative, and Dr. Collins then described the girl's condition.

The verdict was death from drowning while temporarily insane.

PRESCRIPTION ERROR.

For the error of an assistant in making up a prescription, Oliver and Company, Ltd., chemists, High-st., Tottenham, N., were fined 10s. with costs at Tottenham.

It was stated that a prescription for a mixture of iron-sulphate and magnesium sulphate was made up with a 33 per cent. excess of iron and a 35 per cent. deficiency of magnesium.

For the defence it was stated that the assistant, instead of consulting a certain book, dispensed the prescription from memory. He had been dismissed.

"Rats" at the Vaudeville will take place on Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

New Mystery Play.—A new play, said to be full of thrills and mystery, entitled "The Lure," will be produced by the Repertory Players on Sunday, March 25. The cast is headed by Harvey Adams as the owner of a wonderful luck-bringing diamond which is stolen.

"If Winter Comes" Going.—To my surprise I have been notified that "If Winter Comes" terminates its run at the St. James's somewhat abruptly on Saturday next. The management say they hope to transfer the play to another theatre.

Another American Invasion.—Three American players, Eleanor Woodruff, Edward Robins, and Raymond Hackett, left the U.S.A. last night to take up the American role in "So This is London," to be produced at the Prince of Wales on April 11. Fred Kerr is the most notable English actor who will appear therein. Mr. Cochran is also, so he tells me, arranging to pre-empt Miss Florence Mills and the original company from "The Plantation," New York, in their revue.

Wedding Bells.—For the first time in theatrical history a hundred or more "changes" will be rung on a peal of bells from the roof of a theatre, namely, the Savoy. The occasion will be the marriage of Miss Muriel Pope, now playing in "The Young Idea." These bells, which were lately discovered in the cellars of the theatre, belonged originally to Sir Henry Irving who used them in "Faust." They were evidently stored here by his son, the late H. B. Irving, who appeared at the Savoy some few years since.

Shakespeare Popular in Ireland.—Percy A. Hammond, the advance manager of Charles Dorn's Shakespearean Company, writes me that they have been, despite the disturbances in Ireland, doing big business. For instance, during the bombardment of Jury's Hotel and Government Offices in Dublin, at 1 p.m. on Wednesday, Feb. 21, the attendance at the matinee of "Twelfth Night" was so big that every part of the Gaiety Theatre was packed to capacity. This somehow puts me in mind of the French manager who, during the occupation of Paris by the Allies, in 1914, stepped outside his theatre and earnestly requested the commander of the enemy's artillery to oblige him by marching his batteries down another street, as the noise of the rumbling wheels, etc., rather disturbed the enjoyment of his audience.

BITING CHAINS IN PIECES.

MODERN VIENNESE COUNTERPART OF SAMSON.

A correspondent of the "Lancet" records the discovery in Vienna of a modern Samson. The man is a handsome and magnificently built athlete of Jewish extraction, Breitbratt by name. He is 34 years old, 5ft. 3in. high, and weighs a little under 15st.

His performances astounded a committee of physicians, engineers, smiths, and presidents of athletic corporations. He severed with his teeth several iron and steel chains a fifth of an inch thick, the links being broken by twisting.

Bent into a circle iron rods half an inch square, using his mouth as a fulcrum. Afterwards he twisted the circle into a spiral.

Drove with a single stroke of his fist a nail into a board an inch thick, first biting off the point of the nail.

Bent over his head a rail 4in. thick and 24in. broad.

The correspondent concludes: "The committee are satisfied that he accomplishes these tasks by means of extraordinary muscular power coupled with excellent scientific training and exceptional muscular energy."

DRAWING THE DOLE.

IRISHMAN WITH £1,000 BANK DRAFT.

When William Barry, an Irish labourer, was charged at Brighton Police Court with drunkenness and assaulting the police it was stated that the man, upon arrest, was found to be in possession of a £1,000 draft upon a Dublin bank and £5 in Treasury notes. It was further stated that he was drawing unemployment relief.

The chief constable said Barry, who was a native of Fermanagh, had served in the Irish Guards and the Dublin Fusiliers.

The man was standing in a crowd round a preacher when apparently disliking the preacher's doctrine, he suddenly attacked him.

Police-constable Hines and Detective-inspector Taylor pulled him away, and Barry thereupon struck the inspector, knocking off his hat.

Barry was fined £5, which he promptly paid from the notes in his possession.



VARIETY JOTTINGS.

An Actor with a Fine Voice.—Half the success of an actor is made by his possession of a fine voice. Godfrey Tearle has been splendidly gifted by nature in this direction, and it is a real pleasure to listen to him on that point alone. His portrayal of Gringore in "The Ballad Mouger" at the Coliseum is rather different from that of the late Sir Bertram Tree, who, as far as my memory carries me, I saw in this character at the Haymarket some years ago; but Mr. Tearle gives the part its full value and everybody enjoyed his striking performance. He is assisted by a clever company, of which next to himself George Hayes as Louis XI. stands out most prominently, and gives a good study of that most puzzling of monarchs. This engagement is a tribute to the discernment of Sir Oswald Stoll. Fred Buxton has the big comedy turn, and made for himself a much-needed keener of the Zoo he kept the audience in an continual state of merriment. Gene is a most conscientious student of human nature and many a time have I met him in the old days perambulating the Victoria Embankment studying his parts in the "Famille" revue. Barnes also gave his brilliant entertainment at the premier house of Leicester-sq. He is a fine showman.

The Discovery of "Gene."—Gene Gerrard was first discovered at a family party which was being given by George Mozart at his flat in Ridgmount Gardens. He sang a comedy song, and the still mercurial George was rather taken up with the way, as they have it in Theatreland, Gene "delivered over the goods" and prognosticated great things of the young vocalist. I quite endorsed his opinion at the same gathering, with the result that Mozart promptly enlisted him in the small company who were travelling round with him at the time.

His first appearance on the stage with them, it was, strangely enough, the failure of a revue at the Alhambra (in which Gene appeared and made a personal success) that first procured him an engagement on his own with Andre Chariot, and he has not looked back since.

"La Java."—The Cabaret Folies are nearly pursuing their successful way at the Queen's Hall Roof. They are now in their third edition, and reach their 200th performance next week. Noteworthy newcomers are pretty Mary Leigh and two surprisingly clever dancers, Culver and Dickenson, who give a fascinating exhibition of the new French dance, "La Java."

A Concertina Band.—Harry Green, of "Cherry Tree" fame, made on Monday last his first appearance as a single turn at the Victoria Palace. Although his material, which mainly concerned a wedding, was not too original, his treatment of the subject provoked great hilarity, and his Yiddish distortion of words was quite ingenious. He enjoyed two or three curtains. This week the big attraction here is an English Concertina Band, under the direction of Mr. P. S. Robinson. It has taken him nearly 15 years to train the band.

GIRL'S BRAVERY.

DASHED THROUGH FLAMES AND SAVED MOTHER AND BABY.

A young waitress and a police constable were warmly complimented by the East London coroner at an inquest on David Lipshitz (10), who lost his left leg in a fire at Bethnal Green, E.

The waitress, Miss Ellen Cecil, who discovered the outbreak, burst the door open and ran upstairs through flame and smoke. She roused Mrs. Lipshitz and took charge of her infant.

The baby was carried to safety by P.C. P. Miller. Meanwhile Miss Cecil helped Mrs. Lipshitz to a window, from which they jumped to safety.

Mrs. Lipshitz said that after trying to get the boy David to the window, she did not remember how she left the building.

A verdict of accidental death was returned.

NO STATE PENSIONS FOR MOTHERS.

WOMEN M.P.'s' APPEAL.

£50,000,000 ESTIMATE.

A motion in favour of State pensions to all widows with children, or mothers whose family breadwinner has become incapacitated—the administration of the pension to be wholly unconnected with the Poor Law—was lost in the House of Commons by 248 votes to 184.

The debate was raised by Mr. Rhys Davies, a member of the Labour Party.

Mr. Lunn, advocated the proposal on general grounds of humanity to the children as well as the widows.

Lady Astor supported the motion. Long before the war, she said, this question of widows' pensions was a burning one, and if women had had anything to do with the running of the country they would have seen to it long ago.

We could no more put up with a C3 population now than during the war, and in the interests of the children the reforms should be adopted.

Mrs. Wintlingham, like Lady Astor, was an advocate of this new call upon the Exchequer, and made an earnest appeal to the House not to regard it as a party question.

Mr. J. E. Jones, the new Liberal member for North Dorset, supported the motion, and Mr. George Thorne, an old advocate of the reform, asked the Government to indicate its policy.

In communicating the views of the Government, Sir W. Joynson-Hicks pointed out that the regulations of the Ministry of Health had laid it down that home life was far preferable to institutional life, and, in their instructions to guardians, definite directions were given that provision for widows should be made on a sufficient scale.

He had had careful calculation made of the cost of a universal widows' pension, and had received the following figures:—

Number of widows, about 1,100,000, of whom about one-third have children dependent on them.

Widows (apart from war widows) qualified, 400,000.

Children under 16, 750,000.

A pension of 7s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. for each child would cost about 20 millions if wives of incapacitated men were included. Then the children of unmarried mothers must be brought in.

"They have got fathers," objected Lady Astor.

To put all these widows and children on the same footing as war widows and children would cost over 50 millions a year.

"DEAD-BROKE" BOOKIE'S SUICIDE.

COULD NOT FACE ORdeal OF SELLING UP HIS HOME.

"I am now dead broke, and everything will have to be sold up. I cannot bear the thought of that." This was a passage in a letter addressed to the Acton coroner by E. J. Barnett (52), of Messaline-avenue, Acton.

Mr. Barnett, a turf accountant, was found dead in the dining-room of his house with a bullet wound in his head. He had a revolver in his right hand.

He was at one time well off, having had a legacy from Mr. Lionel de Rothschild.

Suicide while temporarily insane was the inquest verdict.

FREE PATTERNS

TWO DARTY CARMOLES

GIVEN INSIDE THIS WEEK'S



LADY'S COMPANION

ON SALE MONDAY, MARCH 12th. THREEPENCE

GRAVES

STAINLESS OUTLIER AND SUPER-QUALITY TABLE PLATE

This Silver-Gravestone offers the luxury of genuine Stainless Outlier and a table plate within the reach of all.

The Silver-Gravestone is made of the finest quality stainless steel, and is guaranteed to last for ever.

We deliver to your door, free of charge, a complete set of cutlery, including a silver-plated case, and a silver-plated box, for the purpose of protecting the silver from tarnish.

Write for the Silver-Gravestone of genuine Stainless Outlier and a table plate within the reach of all.

A. & C. GRAVES, Ltd., SHEFFIELD.



BURGESS' LION OINTMENT

It brings all the world's matter to the surface, and has been used for centuries to break up and remove all kinds of skin disease.

It is a most valuable remedy for all kinds of skin disease, and is used by the most famous doctors in the world.

Burgess' Lion Ointment is sold in all the leading chemists and druggists.

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QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S 60 YEARS IN ENGLAND.

WORLD-WIDE GREETING BROADCASTED REPLY.

Wednesday was the 60th anniversary of the arrival in this country from Denmark of Queen Alexandra. It was on March 6, 1863, that the Queen Mother, as Princess Alexandra of Denmark, arrived in the Royal Yacht Victoria and Albert at Gravesend from Copenhagen.

Queen Alexandra celebrated the occasion very quietly at Marlborough House. The inclement weather prevented her from going out. During the day she and her secretarial staff were busily employed with a volume of congratulatory messages from home and overseas.

Many gifts of beautiful flowers arrived, including a bouquet from Launceston, Tasmania, which had travelled unscathed 12,000 miles in a block of ice.

Queen Alexandra viewed it with interest both during and after its frozen state.

On Wednesday night the following message was broadcasted from all wireless stations:—

Marlborough House, Fall Mall.

I am very glad upon the 60th anniversary of my arrival in England to send my affectionate greetings to the British People through the broadcast service.

From the day when I receive such a magnificent welcome upon landing upon these shores in 1863, up to the present time, I have always experienced the greatest kindness and consideration from all classes, and I shall ever remember with gratitude the loyal and devoted sympathy shown to me both in my joys and sorrows.

With a full heart I sincerely thank them.

THE FIRST TO GREET ME.

There was no special luncheon or dinner party at Marlborough House during the day, but a continuous stream of callers signed the visitors' book, and thus expressed their affection and good wishes. Many flags were flown on London buildings.

Floral tributes were sent by the Danish Minister and the Danish Club. An early message from the Lord Mayor on behalf of the citizens of London was replied to in a telegram in which Queen Alexandra said: "This further proof of the loyal affection which I have always experienced from them is very precious to me."

Queen Alexandra expressed special pleasure on the receipt of a congratulatory message from the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of Margate. The Mayor of Margate, in 1863, and several Aldermen, were the first Englishmen to greet Queen Alexandra when she arrived from Denmark.

The idea that Queen Alexandra's Rose Day next June shall witness a special effort to increase the fine total of offerings last year as a mark of love and respect for her Majesty has won popular approval.

The day may be known as the Diamond Rose Day.

DOWN THE DRUG PATH

IN calling upon an Irish girl artist friend of mine, who has a flat in the West End, I was delighted to find her room simply but tastefully furnished and decorated, a place of real beauty, and more like a sanctuary than a studio.

On a pedestal, occupying the position of honour, there stood a representation of Christ with his hands outstretched in the act of blessing the world. This impressive, devotional statue was flanked with wax candles in gleaming silver holders, while a small red lamp was burning in front.

By way of the strongest contrast that I have ever encountered in my life, there dwelt on the same landing, a morose-looking voluptuary with a dope-sodden woman who passed as his wife. Pinned on the walls of their rooms were disgusting illustrations, cut out of the lowest French and Italian pictorial gutter press.

In one respect the man reminded me of Argan in Moliere's "Le Malade Imaginaire." He was in the most dolent of dumps, wallowing about in the head and back. It struck me that what he was really suffering from was lack of work and exercise, accompanied with over-gorging.

It was, however, much more interested in hearing one or two chapters of the life story of his companion, who had expressed to her Irish neighbour a desire to meet me. She was a physical wreck, her face was cadaveric, and she cried bitterly, but was glad to unburden her soul to a sympathetic listener. Opium was the great curse of her life.

As a young woman she had been a hospital nurse and had found night duty very trying because she could not sleep in the day time. In her professional capacity drugs were under her care, and driven to desperation both by insomnia and by disappointment in a love affair, she yielded to the temptation of taking opium.

Every few days she increased the dose, and was continuing with it not on account of the original reason, nor yet on the ground of the dubious pleasure obtained from the delirious hallucinations and glorious delusions of opium intoxication, but in order to escape the melancholy and the terrible gnawing and aching sense of want, which follow upon its discontinuance.

I advised her not to try to give up the habit all in five minutes, but to reduce her daily allowance and to seek distraction by plunging into useful external activities. In reply to my question, she said she had not prayed for several years and that she considered that she was too wicked to approach God, in whose ears her petitions would sound like so many insults, falsehoods and

blasphemies. I reminded her of Magdalen and the Penitent Thief in the Gospels, and she promised me that to the natural remedies which I had suggested, she would add the more potent supernatural specific of prayer. I need scarcely mention that she gave me permission to make use of her experience as a warning to others similarly situated and tempted.

As the result of inquiries made among druggists, medical men and nurses, I found that of all drugs cocaine is the most attractive, popular and the hardest to give up.

It can be self-administered in wine, swallowed just as it is, or taken hypodermically, but it is usually snuffed up the nostrils like snuff. On account of its white colour it is known as "snow" among dope fiends.

It is valuable as a local anesthetic and is much used in ophthalmic practice. Actresses are tempted to take it because it allays fatigue. Under its influence a girl can sustain an hour or two longer than without it. In purchasing a supply in the first instance the motive may be the perfectly laudable one of easing pain and distress or being able to put in an extra spell of work or duty. In the case of jazz-mitten young girls they are usually inspired by curiosity to see what it is like. They are always bent upon new sensations.

But whether the motive be good or foolish, pleasure is derived from the drug. Not only is there an immediate relief from pain and a banishment of all worries, but the senses become keen and alert, the eyes sparkle with an unwonted lustre, the intelligence is sharpened, and new vitality courses through the veins with the tonic energy of an electric current. A vehement desire to be bright, gay and merry asserts itself.

But there is an inevitable reaction to be reckoned with. The gilt, glitter and glory of exotic delight are changed into black depression. The artificial, chemically induced exaltation of body and mind is followed by physical and mental collapse. The power of attention or concentration is weakened to zero, and the victim becomes sleepless, restless, dyspeptic and garrulous. The pupils of the eyes dilate abnormally and appear to be insensitive to variations of light.

Another dose is taken to work off the feeling of intense misery and despondency, whereupon there is a revival of sprightliness, brilliancy and gaiety, and a general sense of elation. The penalty, however, cannot be evaded. Every fresh dose renders the subsequent reaction more acute and painful.

When the habit has been systematically indulged in for three or four months, profound degeneration and debility set in visibly and rapidly. The victim lapses into a dull, moody and dissatisfied mental condition. He becomes "jumpy," and has fits of trembling. The body wastes away, the eyes sink in, and the face assumes a corpse-like expression and colour. At last a

stage is reached when he cannot bear to be left alone, and yet harbours all kinds of sinister suspicions against his friends. In the final scene he goes mad and dies a pitiable death.

THE physical effects of drug-taking are bad enough, but if it were possible to photograph the soul of a dope fiend the picture would be infinitely more revolting. To begin with, he is the biggest of all liars. He will stick at nothing in order to get fresh supplies.

He will go on his knees and, with weeping tears running down his cheeks, will plead piteously for dope. He is prepared to risk imprisonment by stealing it. The depravity and moral dry rot that over-indulgence in drugs sets up are unspeakably shocking. It is just as if the victims had sold their souls to Satan.

One of my best friends was a medical man full of chivalry, old-world courtesy and exquisite charm of manner, who degenerated into a maniacal devil through drugs. All dope inebriates ought to be under lock and key, because they often experience well-nigh uncontrollable impulses to commit desperate crimes.

In the course of my investigations I found that the victims of the drug habit are not only people in middle life who had recourse to dope in the first instance as an anodyne under coercion of severe bodily pain, but very often it is the pretty girl who likes a gay life, or the good fellow who is a "bit of a sport," and boasts that he has no use for stained-glass window saints.

Many young people to-day delight in going out of their way to court danger and moral slavery. The gods which they worship are passion, excess, sensation, noise and ceaseless movement. They are dominated by the needs and cravings of the body and life to them means nothing more than one long round of hectic amusements. When at length they have intoxicated their senses with every other accessible source of pleasure and are thoroughly "fed up," they feel that there is nothing else left capable of giving them a thrill except drugs. The choice then lies between cocaine, which would produce a transient exhilaration and stimulation of animal spirits, or opium, which would bring golden dreams and oriental raptures.

Turning now to the question of methods for successfully grappling with the traffic in forbidden drugs it is certain that the authorities are leaving no stone unturned to stamp it out. A rigorous supervision over night clubs, hotel lounges, Soho restaurants and the Chinese quarters in Limehouse, as well as over the actual sale-rooms of the drug market is being exercised.

Perhaps something more could be done in the way of tackling the evil at its source by means of a world scheme of stricter international control. The real "cure-all" would be a return on the part of all sections of the community to the simple life. Diogenes spoke words of truth and wisdom when he said that a man's wealth and happiness may be estimated in the things he can do without. The tendency of modern civilisation lies in the opposite direction. A return to the simple life would mean that we would develop our innate powers of happiness, and not be driven to find our recreation and amusement in crowds, shocks, thrills, staccato, syncopated movements, ever-changing excitement and few pounds on propaganda won by means of striking artistic posters? The person who easily succumbs to the drug craze belongs to just the type that would be deeply impressed by a series of pictures depicting how young girls with sweet, beautiful faces are changed by the use of drugs into depraved fiends whose looks bespeak debauchery, crime and devilry. Pamphlets would not be so useful, because people are not bound to read them, whereas a good picture displayed on the public hoardings forces itself upon the attention, and tells its story with a degree of lucidity that could not be otherwise than intelligible even to the densest country bumpkin.

Why not spend a few pounds on propaganda won by means of striking artistic posters? The person who easily succumbs to the drug craze belongs to just the type that would be deeply impressed by a series of pictures depicting how young girls with sweet, beautiful faces are changed by the use of drugs into depraved fiends whose looks bespeak debauchery, crime and devilry. Pamphlets would not be so useful, because people are not bound to read them, whereas a good picture displayed on the public hoardings forces itself upon the attention, and tells its story with a degree of lucidity that could not be otherwise than intelligible even to the densest country bumpkin.

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Joseph Degen.

"IN THE GHETTO."

We have received several letters from correspondents regarding Father Degen's article entitled "In the Ghetto." In that article, it will be recalled, our contributor commended as well as criticised some aspects of Jewish life in London.

Writing from Arbour-ast, Stepney, Mr. William Groves, Alderman and Chairman of the Stepney Local Employment Committee, says:—

"It is manifestly unfair to say that Jews 'won't work with their hands, if they can help it,' when it is remembered that the staple industries of the district, viz., cabinet making, tailoring, cigar making, etc., are manned almost entirely by members of the Jewish race, who have to work hard and continuously to meet the cost of living and the high rents in this locality."

As a member of the local authority, I suggest that Father Degen's reference to overcrowding is greatly exaggerated. Without doubt there is much overcrowding here, as elsewhere, but the Jews and their means the only victims of the lamentable shortage of accommodation.

"With regard to immorality, it is a libel upon the Jewish race to imply that they are more prone to sexual vice than the rest of the community."

These points are also dealt with by the Rev. J. F. Stern, of the East London Synagogue, who likewise refutes the assertions and adds:—

"It has never before been alleged that the alien Jew was afraid of and shunned his fellow man. The general charge against him has hitherto been that he works too hard, and by reason of his industry, sobriety, and reliability, displaces the native worker. I have never been given to cover up the faults and failures of my people, and have ever striven to urge upon them, the duty as much in their own interests as in the interests of society generally, of shedding any undesirable habits that they may bring with them from countries less civilised than our own, and conforming as soon as may be to the higher standards of life that obtain amongst ourselves, and it is a remarkable how readily they respond to the ameliorating processes that are at work among them."

WORKERS' SEARCHLIGHT.

By ANDREW BUCHANAN, J.P.

The London Trades Council.

The L.T.C., however much some people may object to the political resolutions it occasionally adopts, is a powerful body representing over 200,000 Trades Unionists. My friend Mr. Duncan Carmichael, the Secretary, is a dear good chap, popular amongst all sections, and the most kind-hearted revolutionist who never wore a red tie. Two resolutions are before the Council:—(1) urging the L.T.C. to continue its Sunday game policy, and (2) protesting against bands of non-professional musicians being employed in L.C.C. parks.

Sunday Games.

I shall watch with interest the reply of the L.T.C. to resolution number two, but with regard to number one I deeply deplore that industry and business have not reached that stage where the leisure of all workers during the week is not sufficient without turning Sunday into a "Bank Holiday."

Foolish Restrictions.

The docks in South Wales are congested; thousands of trucks full of coal are in the sidings; 450 vessels are awaiting coal; collieries are reducing output and miners working short time; and shipment does not keep pace with production. Why? Because trimmers and tippers stick to two shifts a day instead of three as was done pre-war. Three shifts would mean more work for all, and more wages for miners, and prosperity for South Wales. It is not a question of men working longer hours, but more hours being worked by more men.

What to Read?

Just go to your public library and read Mr. J. A. R. Marriot's article on "Poverty, Pauperism and Public Assistance" in this month's "Fortnightly Review." It put me in mind of Herbert Spencer.

Mitcham and Willenden.

The lesson of Willenden and Mitcham is obvious. What was said in this column the week before last points the moral. The people are determined that trusts or combines keeping up prices of building materials shall be sternly dealt with. Verb. sap.

After Liverpool?

When will the Conservative party recognise the claim of those millions of trade unionists, who are not socialists, to representation in the House of Commons and on the municipalities? Are they to be left to seek such representation only through the Labour party? Verb. sap. again.

Taxation.

The taxation per head of the population works out as follows:—

	Direct.	Indirect.
United Kingdom	£10 10 0	£8 2 0
France	£5 2 0	£2 10 0
U.S.A.	£2 17 0	£2 14 0

This means that our imperial taxation is £16 12s. and as local taxation is £4 8s. 6d., our total taxation per head is £21 10s. 6d.

Infant Warfare.

Those good people in this country who take a great interest in "Child Welfare" might like to know that New Zealand has the lowest death-rate in the world. The death-rate per thousand of infants under one year is follows:—Chile 106, Japan 184, Germany 145, France 119, England and Wales 89, U.S.A. 87, New Zealand 45. And New Zealand is practically free of infant mortality.

Bad Business!

The L.T.C. have given a contract to a Swiss firm for a turbo-generator set for Greenwich. The British price was £50,000 and the Swiss £42,000. The Clerk to the Council pointed out that there was a direct apparent economy as the Swiss price was £8,000 less. As £40,000 of the British price would have gone in wages, and nearly 400 men would have had work for six months, and as these 400 men would receive over £8,000 in unemployment

ment relief and the income tax paid by the British contractor would have been at least £1,500, some people will be inclined to think that we have lost both ways. Others will agree that, as every import must be paid for by an export, what is lost by the electrical engineers will be set off by a gain to the woollen trade or the boot trade—or perhaps the coal trade. The turbo-generator will help to pay for the coke going to the Ruhr.

Good Business.

But why cannot the L.C.C. be consistent? It has just given a contract to the North Eastern Steel Co. for 4,900 tons of rails, although the British price was £28,000, and the German price of a Cologne firm was £41,000. What is sauce for the German goose is also sauce for the Swiss gander. If preference is to be given to British goods over foreign, it should be on economic grounds solely, and without prejudice against our late enemies. Probably the "Swiss" turbo-generator will be German, anyway. There is a lot of this sub-contracting going on.

Watch Russia!

"British trade with Russia is increasing with extraordinary rapidity." Business of £25 millions has been done, of which £15 millions was done with British firms. The "Searchlight" prophesied this, you will remember, six months ago.

Better?

McTaggart whilst in London on business one evening went to a Strand theatre. It was raining when he came out so he hailed a taxi and asked the fare to his rooms in Kilburn. "About 7s. 6d.," said the driver. "That's a lot of money. I'll just toss yae double or quits." "Right," said the sporting driver. They tossed and the driver won. "What a pity. I'll have tae walk hame," said Mac.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.
YOUNG E. (Barnes). Will refer to Barnard, Russell. There is no name in killing yourself to live. G. H. (Chiswick). Will be glad to hear more about Chinook. Faintly before. And J. G. (Hampton). The headquarters of the Workers' Trade Union is at Turnham Road, E.

1906
TO
1923

EXTRACT FROM a Letter of a "CLINCHER" USER

6.1.23

Bought bicycle 1906, fitted with "Clincher" Tyres—ridden regularly in winter and summer, all weathers over rough roads with ruts and sharp stones, only just changed the tubes (Jan. 1923). Not had two dozen punctures since 1906.

This is the typical service of

"CLINCHER"
TYRES

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO., Ltd.
Edinburgh and Glasgow.
London Office: 201, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE

CONDUCTED BY GRAPEA FUDBOY

PEGGY AND PETER LISTENING IN.



MY DEAR LITTLE PEOPLE.

A wireless set is a very nice thing to possess, for by just "listening in" you can hear all sorts of jolly things, music, recitations, and songs, from all over the place. So when I got a set I naturally thought Peggy and Peter would be kept quiet for hours while the machine spoke or played for them.

That was why I felt quite safe leaving them to be amused by the wireless.

Now there is no doubt they started to listen in a most interested way, but the worst of it was they enjoyed it so much they felt selfish in keeping it to themselves, and invited in a lot of their friends who listened so thoroughly that well, you can see from the pictures how the affair ended.

Writing about wireless reminds me of

A CAPITAL WIRELESS TRICK

You can try on your friends. After starting a conversation about wireless sets you mention that some sets are so small they can be put in a matchbox. "In fact," you say, "you produce an ordinary matchbox. 'I have a real wireless matchbox here.' 'Nonsense!'



A WIRELESS TOY.

THEY CAN HEAR THE MUSIC, SONGS AND RECITATIONS, AND THEY CAN EVEN HEAR THE VOICES OF THE PEOPLE WHO ARE LISTENING IN TO THEM.



HELP.



says your chum, "that a wireless matchbox? I'm sure it isn't." "Well," you reply, "I'll prove it to you. Can you see any wires on it or in it?" "No," admits your friend. "Very good, then if it hasn't any wires, it must be a wireless matchbox, don't you agree?" you remark. You can catch everyone by this, just try!

To turn to other things, don't forget to

MAKE UP THIS NOVEL TOY

in the centre of our corner. It is, you will find, well worth making. And that reminds me, for next week I have ready for you an extra jolly novelty that all of you will want to make and play with, and I shall have a lot of news for you about Peggy and Peter, so say they are going to turn over a new leaf and take up music to soothe me in the evenings, but from what I know of them the result is fairly sure to be just the opposite, if not worse! Certainly Peggy is "musical" and Peter can play the bones (especially meaty ones!) so we must hope for the best!

Your Merry Old Friend,

Grampa Fudboy.



PEGGY AND PETER PRACTISE MUSIC NEXT WEEK. DON'T MISS THEM.



Nerves of Steel

He never makes a false move at his job, because he never makes a false move in his home life. Ask him how it is that he works with nerves of steel, and he'll tell you that he looks after himself. Vi-Cocoa is his drink, because it helps to keep him fit in body and mind. It builds up his muscles, and lays the foundations of his magnificent health. Everyone who works with hands or brain should test its unique health-giving value.

PLANTERS PRODUCTS LTD., DELECTALAND, WATFORD, ENGLAND.

"MY POLICY OF BIRTH CONTROL FOR ALL."

DR. MARIE STOPES ON THE CAUSE SHE HAS AT HEART.

"The People" has asked Dr. Marie C. Stopes to write for its readers a series of articles explaining in simple language her views of the much discussed subject of birth control.

It is an important but delicate topic, which interests every home, and it should be understood that Dr. Stopes expresses here her own views.

(By MARIE C. STOPES, D.Sc., Ph.D., F.L.S., F.G.S. President of the Society for Constructive Birth Control and Racial Progress.)

PEOPLE who oppose the spread of birth control knowledge are very apt to speak as though the practice of controlling conception was dangerous in itself.

But, is it? Of course not! If the right methods are used.

If it were, why should it have been so extensively used by just those classes in the land who can afford the best medical advice, and who, if they do not get it in one district, can go to another district.

The rich, in short, have investigated the subject and experimented on themselves for two, sometimes three, generations, and they have found it good. Now, if the rich have voluntarily made a useful investigation on their own lives and risked a great social experiment on themselves and benefited by it, why should the knowledge of this fact be withheld from the poor?

Why should the poor not be permitted to take advantage of this valuable experiment on the part of the rich?

If a woman in comfortable circumstances who has nurses and domestic help to assist her finds it advantageous to herself, to her general health, and to her children, to give herself a good rest after one birth and before she becomes a mother again, is it not self-evident that a poor woman with no domestic help and no nurses must find it even more advantageous?

My husband, Mr. H. V. Roe, and I, knowing in many ways the difficulties and hardships of the poor working-mothers' lives, felt that it was nothing short of a cruel cruelty to withhold from those who most need it the knowledge which their more fortunate sisters found so beneficial.

It is true I have written books on this subject, and I might have just left them to read these books for themselves, but we well knew that the very over-worked, poor mother has not the time to read books, even if she had the money to buy them or the mental peace and leisure to understand them.

BOOKS AREN'T ENOUGH. Books would not help the very over-burdened poor mother as she should be helped.

Therefore we took the knowledge to her in just that personal kind of way which alone could give her the help she most needed, and we founded the Mothers' Clinic at 61, Marlborough-road, Holloway, N.19, and kept it open free, without any charge whatever, so that there at least poor working mothers could get the very same advice which rich comfortable mothers have so long had.

The very same advice, mark you. The medical discoveries, the experimenting and the trials of this method which the midwives themselves were taught by doctors years ago, have been tested and investigated in their own lives by the rich.

Why should there be any objection to the poor getting help of this sort?

Some argue the help we give at the Clinic is not perfect. But is anything human perfect? At any rate, it is the very best help humanly available.

No one is forced to follow the advice. They can go elsewhere. Our doors merely stand open—there is not even an invitation to enter.

They can go elsewhere, I say. But what do they get elsewhere? Listen to some facts about the poor people who come to me for help.

A woman five times a mother, her life risked at the last birth, when she was told by her doctor the most have no more children, and yet told how to prevent any more children coming!

Another, a woman 17 times a mother, her husband out of work, harried, terrified, she might become a mother for the 18th time, quite aware that the child she might then produce could have no reasonable hope of being of any use to the State or of any happiness to itself.

ADVERTISED HOUSE TO LET.

MAN WHO RECEIVED 20 LETTERS CHARGED.

Charged with attempting to obtain money by false pretences by advertising a house to let at Clapham Common, W. L. Oakes, alias Gerald Newman, was remanded for a week at Worthing Police Court.

When arrested he is stated to have admitted there was no house to let, and planned that his object was to find out how many people were really in need of houses.

Nineteen letters, it was stated in court, were found at the man's residence in Clapham Common, and when charged Newman admitted having received 20, adding, "You will find it all in order."

WOMAN'S BODY IN A LANE.

MYSTERY UNSOLVED BY INQUEST.

The body of the 60-years-old woman which was found in a lonely lane at Greensted, near Ongar, Essex, a week ago remains unidentified.

The police stated at the inquest that they had been unable to obtain any information concerning the woman, and added that her description had been widely circulated.

Evidence was given by Frederick Schiwer, a farmer's son, who found the body at the side of a bridle path little used in the winter.

A police-sergeant stated that there were footmarks leading from the farm to the body, but none from it. There were no signs of a struggle.

The woman's clothing was good, but she had no teeth, and he could not say whether she had worn artificial ones. No hat was found.

STRANGE IN MANNER. Mrs. Elsie Crocker, of Toot Hill, said that on Saturday evening she met the woman answering to the description. She was walking up and down, talking to herself, and was strange in manner. She wore a hat.

Dr. R. Ferguson, of Ongar, said the body was well nourished, and death may have been due to heart failure, accelerated by exposure.

There were two scars about the size of a shilling on the left leg above the knee, and one below.

Saying that he had no alternative but to return a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence, the coroner added that it was most singular no one had come forward to identify the body.

THE MOLAR DANCE.

STIMULATING HINTS TO A "PAF-FED NATION."

"There are millions of bad teeth in the British Isles," said Dr. Harry Campbell in a lecture to the London Institute of Hygiene.

The first essential to good digestion, he said, "is to have good teeth; yet in this country we have the worst teeth in the world, while nearly everyone here from 30 upwards is suffering more or less from pyorrhea."

Dr. Campbell then gave the following hints:—

To prevent pyorrhea masticate properly. Young people should eat crusty bread. The only way to stimulate the teeth is to make them dance properly in their sockets.

Avoid pampering the appetite, but take plain food.

Meals should be regular. Take time to eat your breakfast, and don't trouble about business or letters.

Avoid the feverish rush to catch the train.

"If you really want sound teeth," added the lecturer, "you should secure a satisfactory development of the jaws, so as to allow the 32 permanent teeth to come together without jamming, and yet there is scarcely such a jaw to be found in our islands to-day, because we are such a paf-fed nation."

SHIP NOT SCUTTLED.

SHORE SUPERINTENDENT TO PAY £50 TOWARDS COSTS.

Judgment was given at Liverpool in the Board of Trade enquiry into the loss of the collier *Borre*, belonging to the Junet Steamship Co., Ltd., Birkenhead, which sank during a voyage to Ireland on Sept. 25. The Court found that the *Borre* was sunk as a result of a conspiracy or plot was not borne out by the evidence.

The cause of the inflow of water was a leakage past the valves of the main bilge pump. Captain Bryson, the master, was severely censured for not having taken proper measures to ascertain the cause of the inflow of the water, and for not having sought the advice of Captain Johnston, the shore superintendent of the company.

It was Johnston's duty to have advised the master as to the best measures to be taken, and as he failed to do so the Court ordered him to pay £50 towards the cost of the enquiry.

750 FOR SOLICITOR.

Mr. Charles Henry Downes, a solicitor, practising at East Harbour-st., Stepney, and living at Ealing, was awarded £750 damages by a common jury in Justice Horridge's court against the Shadwell Motor Transport Co., Ltd., owners of a motor-lobby, which knocked him down in the Strand.

It was stated by plaintiff's counsel that the lobby ran into him and hurled him against the wheel of a motor-car. He was badly bruised and rendered unconscious and had since suffered from loss of memory.

STAFF CAPTAIN AS LABOURER.

A man who held high rank during the war, with a salary something like £1,000 a year, is now working as a telephone switchboard operator at £2 a week, and an ex-staff captain, in order to maintain himself and his wife, is now employed as a labourer.

These are two of many similar cases quoted in the Board of Trade Journal to show the straits to which a number of ex-officers have been reduced.

EASTER EXCURSIONS.

The Great Western Rly. announce an attractive programme of special facilities for the Easter holidays. On Thursday, March 29, excursions will run from Paddington Station and the principal centres of population to hundreds of towns, coast and inland resorts and spas in the territory covered by G.W.R. services. This Easter the fares are lower than those prevailing last Easter by about one-seventh.

The usual weekend tickets will be extended for the holiday period. Many day trips will be run from Paddington Station on Good Friday, Saturday, Easter Sunday, and Monday.

The London Midland and Scottish Rly. Co. are issuing two comprehensive Easter excursion programmes announcing their reduced fare arrangements from Euston and St. Pancras Stations respectively.

"TOOT-AN-KUM-IN'S" TOMB OPENED.

"PHINEAS THE MUMMY." LIVELY CAMBRIDGE RAG.

The recent finds at Luxor provided Cambridge undergraduates with the inspiration for an amusing burlesque, as the result of which a considerable amount of money was collected on behalf of the Police Poor and Needy and Olympic Games Funds.

An announcement was made concerning the unsealing of the recently discovered tomb of a certain "Toot-An-Kum-In," which, it was stated, had been located in premises on the market hill.

A platoon of blackened-skinned soldiers in gorgeous eastern caps and armed with slim spears mounted guard over the entrance of the "tomb," and kept open a space in which dancing "Dervishes," writhing dancing "girls," and heavily-armed "Arabs" stepped and jumped, fought and wriggled to the din of tom-toms and rattles.

A party of "American tourists" arrived on the scene and were followed by "Lord Carnarvon," "Mr. Carter," and the "Sultan," who, attended by red perasol bearers, inspected the guard and then the tomb.

From the depths of the "tomb" men in the garb of coolies brought forth the following remarkable "finds":—

Weapons and jewels. Bricks inscribed with hieroglyphics. A bust (presumably "Toot-An-Kum-In's" girl-wife).

"Alabaster vases." A mouse trap.

A chariot marked "Ford chassis No. 1, 300 B.C."

TO BE RETURNED WITH THANKS. Three very animated "mummies" were next brought forth, and then, amid much beating of drums, the mysteriously enwrapped figure of Toot-An-Kum-In.

With great ceremony the wrappings were unbound, and there was discovered the portly bulk and serene countenance of Phineas, the mascot for whom London University students recently struggled. This denouement caused a great sensation.

A procession was then formed headed by brass and drum and life bands, and Phineas was carried in triumph through the crowded streets.

The presence of Phineas in Cambridge had been kept a carefully guarded secret. The mascot was secured by a party of Caius College men a few days previously.

He was repainted in the Caius colours and given his "blue." He is to be returned to London with thanks for his services in the cause of charity.

VICAR AND BEER.

LIKES IT, BUT DOES NOT KEEP IT AT HOME.

"I like a glass of beer, but I don't keep it at home; I cannot afford it," said the Rev. W. Hollis, vicar of St. Nicholas, Gipsyville, Hull, in giving evidence before the Hull Licensing Committee, when Alfred Hutchinson, grocer, applied for an "off" licence for the Gipsyville district.

Mr. Hollis said he knew people who, like himself, liked a glass of beer, but would rather go a considerable distance to get it than have it near their houses, because they knew there was a temptation round the house.

Mr. Paley Scott (for applicant): I hope your parishioners are more proof against temptation than you imagine. You think you have got a Garden of Eden of your own, and you don't want the serpent to enter it.

It was stated for Mr. Hutchinson that owing to the rapid growth of the district the need for an off licence had become very great.

Messrs. T. Linsley and Co., Ltd., owners of the premises, said they were prepared to surrender three other beer "off" licences if the application were granted.

The application was refused.

YOUTH'S LOST LEG.

STRANGE STORY OF FRAUD AND VIOLENCE.

An extraordinary story of a youth who, while assaulting a man with a loaded gun, received injuries which resulted in the loss of a leg, was related in the Glasgow Sheriff's Court, when Eric Knight (16), of Long Eaton, Derbyshire, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment on charges of fraud and assault.

It was stated that Knight, who had attended art classes at Nottingham, met Mr. J. D. Paton, a cement merchant, at Prestwick, Ayrshire, and represented that he was an architect and had a contract for a breakwater in the north of Scotland.

He said he required 700 tons of cement to be delivered there.

Later, he invited Mr. Paton to meet him at a hotel in Glasgow, and while Mr. Paton was examining some plans in Knight's bedroom he was struck violently on the back of the head with the butt end of a gun.

The blow caused the weapon to discharge and Knight received the contents in his leg, which had to be amputated.

PUBLICANS' CENSUS.

ONE LICENSED HOUSE TO EVERY 40 INHABITANTS.

With a resident population of only 13,700, the City of London has 296 public houses and beer houses. This means one licensed house for every 46 inhabitants, but the bulk of the trade is obviously provided by the huge daily influx of business workers.

Fulham, according to the London County Council's statistics, has the greatest population per public house, namely 2,194.

Taking the whole of the County of London and the City there were 5,572 public houses and beer houses to a population of 4,044,523, giving one house to every 805 persons.

The rateable value of the public houses and beer houses in the County and City was £1,105,554, and including hotels, wine houses and cider houses (a total of 1,097), a grand aggregate of £1,753,485.



Save Your Skin with Germolene

INVISIBLE WHEN APPLIED.

Every skin blemish is removed by this splendid dressing. It is a sure remedy for redness, roughness, eczema, rashes, eruptions, chapped skin and all skin ailments.

AWARDED GOLD MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS AT FOUR LEADING INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.

Germolene is also a splendid for all first aid purposes, for domestic accidents and all skin ailments. It is specific for children's skin complaints.

Do blemishes like this make you afraid of your own reflection in the mirror? Then make up your mind to get rid of the trouble at once. Get a tin of Germolene, and to-night, before you retire to rest, take a little on the tips of the fingers, warm it slightly, and gently rub it in. Allow it to remain on the skin all night. It will wash off in the morning, and it is not unguish for its delicate tint renders it invisible when applied.

You will positively feel its healing influence as it enters the pores. It soothes at once, and after a week of this simple treatment you will be delighted with the improvement in your appearance. There is no reason why you should not have a charming complexion if you keep Germolene on the dressing table.

Soothes at a Touch.

Prices: 1/3 and 3/- of all Chemists and Stores.

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The Aseptic Skin Dressing



"My dear, you can't do better than take Wincarnis to give you new strength and new vitality."

The experience of countless thousands of persons who have derived new strength and new vitality from Wincarnis is a wonderful tribute to the health-giving power Wincarnis possesses.

There is nothing better than Wincarnis for those who are

Weak, Anemic, Nervous or Run-down.

Because Wincarnis possesses a four-fold power in rebuilding strength and vitality.

It is a tonic, a restorative, a blood maker and a nerve food—all combined in one rich, delicious, health-giving preparation.

Thus it gives new strength to the weak—new rich, red blood to the anemic—new nerve force to the nervous and depressed—and new vitality to the run-down, and to those suffering from intense weakness following exhausting illnesses, especially after Influenza.

That is why over 10,000 doctors recommend

WINCARNIS

"The Wine of Life."

If you are Weak, or Anemic, or Nervous, or Run-down, or suffering from the intense weakness following Influenza, begin taking Wincarnis to-day, and take advantage of the new strength, new rich red blood, new nerve force and new vitality which Wincarnis offers you. But be sure you get Wincarnis. Firmly refuse substitutes.

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"The People" 11-13 PLEASE WRITE PLAINLY.

MORMONS IN ADAMLESS EDEN.

MOBBING SCENES. BROTHERS SAVING SISTERS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.) Nottingham, Friday.—Mormon missionaries would seem to be determined to force their unwelcome attentions upon the people of Nottingham, and equally, too, the outraged inhabitants of the Queen of Midland are determined that the poisonous doctrines which emanate from Utah shall not fall upon "virgin soil to fruitfully."

Nottingham is, of course, famous in history as the Adamless Eden, and small wonder, therefore, that these soft-tongued emissaries from Salt Lake City should make the Lace City the Mecca of their faith.

But the fathers and the brothers have landed themselves together, and have sworn an oath, and now whenever these black-coated, white-tied missionaries mount their platform in the Great Market Place, they are hounded away, and compelled to beat a hasty retreat.

A few weeks ago these self-same hatters of the "evangel" attempted to hold forth in the Corn Exchange, but they reckoned without their host, other than the Rev. J. Barling, of Regent Hall Baptist Church, who sallied forth with a faithful few, and marching boldly into the lions' den, carried the position, if not at the point of the bayonet, at any rate quite as successfully.

A few days later the zealous, if misguided, missionaries took up their stand in the Great Market Place, but scarce had the "meeting" been opened than an attacking party arrived in force, and the distressed preachers had to beat an ignominious retreat, finally seeking safety in a passing tramcar.

Then the Mormons (who at one time held regular meetings in a little-known public hall situated in a semi-working-class locality) bethought themselves of more insidious methods, and quietly and unostentatiously they sought to make converts through the medium of carefully-worded literature.

Many back-door visits were paid whilst the men folk of the house were otherwise engaged, tracts left for "consumption" by the unsuspecting lazarous, to whom, of course, highly-colored stories were frequently told of the good times they could have for the asking if they would join the faithful.

Then came the climax. A public meeting was opened this week under the friendly glare of the Market Place lamps, and the customary "sweet nothings" were uttered from the platform.

But the news quickly spread, and again the "avenging army" bore down on the hapless missionaries.

A few "friendly" interjections were made at the outset, but these soon gave way to more practical weapons of warfare and decayed vegetables, fruit that had seen its best days, and mud were literally rained on the "gallant" little band of speakers.

Then the cry went up, "Down 'em!" and forthwith the platform was stormed and the missionaries compelled to seek safety in flight.

But for the arrival of a couple of stalwart men in blue more mischief would certainly have been accomplished. As it was the Mormons were hurried off to the Guildhall, half a mile away, very much mud-bespattered, and looking very forlorn.

The crowd followed close on their heels and kept guard on the front entrance of the building. But they were outwitted, their quarry slipping out unobserved at the back and getting clean away.

Next time, however, the "fun" is to be more furious, and the indignant men and youths mean business.

In an interview one of the Mormons declared they did not intend to give offence, and said it was a pity that only a side of their belief was known.

COSTS OF £100,000.
COLOSSAL EXPENSES OF SHIP CANAL LAWSUIT.

Judgment has been reserved in the House of Lords in the long drawn out Manchester Ship Canal lawsuit.

Two appeals raise the question of whether the Ship Canal Company had failed in a statutory duty to maintain an access between Weston Mersey Lock and the main channel of the Mersey, and to secure the approach to the lock in the manner prescribed by statute. The appellant in the first appeal was the Attorney-General, and in the second appeal Lord Sumner, Lord and Co., Ltd. Mr. Justice Sankey and the Court of Appeal had decided in favour of the Canal Company.

The speech of Mr. W. H. Upjohn, K.C., for the Brunner, Mond, occupied four days, but at the conclusion he said he had not been given time to put his arguments.

The costs of this great action have been colossal. In the first Court the hearing occupied 20 days, and in the Court of Appeal 15 days, and the House of Lords hearing, now concluded, lasted four days. When the case was before the Court of Appeal it was estimated that the costs had already amounted to over £100,000. This sum must now be greatly increased.

DEATH SENTENCE APPEAL.
An appeal is to be made in the case of Fred Wood, who was sentenced to death at the Chester Assizes last week for the murder of Miss White, of Bramhall.

The appeal will be based on two grounds—that the verdict of the jury was against the weight of evidence, and that the learned judge misdirected the jury in his summing-up.

HONOURS LEGISLATION.
Lord Carson, in the House of Lords, admitted that uneasiness had existed by the excessive numbers of additions to the peerage and by the belief that large contributions to party funds had been, in many cases, the decisive factor in the conferment of honours, as well as the trouble existence of "loans."

However, the Government had the fullest intention of introducing legislation to impose penalties for the buying and selling of honours.

BEER, THE BEE AND THE BONNET.

M.P.'S GIVE SECOND READING TO DRINK BILL.

The Bill which proposes to forbid the sale of intoxicants to anyone under 18 years of age for consumption on licensed premises passed its second reading in the House of Commons on Friday.

The present age limit is 14 years for beer and 16 for spirits.

In moving the second reading Lady Astor remarked: "I do want to be an angel of peace to-day." She declared: "This is not Lady Astor's Bill." "But I have read," she continued, "that this is a subtle plan of Lady Astor's. I did not know that my chief fault was subtlety. I thought I annoyed the House by my brutal frankness, and I can assure the hon. members that there is nothing subtle about me."

Boys up to 18 were children. "Why," Lady Astor declared with a sweep of the arm, "you are all children." (Laughter.) "That is why we women like you. We love you very much, but we love our children more; and many a mother in England to-day is praying that this Bill will go through."

Mr. C. W. Crook, who seconded, caused amusement by a shaft directed at the Prohibitionist member, Mr. Scrymgeour. "I dislike," he said, "the continual cant of the extremist on the one side as much as I dislike the continual cant of the extremist on the other. I prefer the joyous optimism of Omar Khayyam to the 'bee in the bonnet of the bonnie Dundee'."

Other members who spoke in favour of rejection avowed the measure was the thin end of the prohibition wedge.

DISCORD IN THE CHOIR.

PSALM "SPEAKING" LEADS TO A STRIKE.

The worshippers at Walsley, a small parish near Market Rasen (Lincs), are on strike.

In the temporary absence of the Rector, the parish is in the charge of the Rev. F. Botterill, who holds views regarding the chanting of the psalms which do not harmonise with those of certain of the parishioners.

The reverend gentleman expressed a wish that instead of utilising a separate chant for each of the five cantos of the 118th Psalm, two chants only should be used. The lady organist declined to accede.

When the first chant was concluded the minister requested that the remainder of the Psalm be spoken, but before his request was completed his voice was drowned in the organ accompaniment.

The minister walked to the vestry and took off his surplice. He informed one of the churchwardens that he had taken this course because the organist and choir refused to obey his instructions.

He then walked into the choir and addressed Mrs. Lawrence, the patroness of the living, on the matter, whereupon the warden, followed by the choir and congregation, filed out of the building.

As the last worshipper was leaving, it was noticed that Mr. Botterill had again donned his surplice and was reading the first lesson.

The strike continues, and, although the bells are rung as usual, the ringers go home after performing their duties.

Mr. Botterill, in an interview, complained of having been publicly flouted in a discourteous and rebellious manner, and said that the organist had told him that she had been instructed to disregard his wishes.

THE UNPAID BILLS.

LITTLE GIRL'S DISHONESTY AND POLY.
When a 12-year-old girl was charged at Bailey (Yorks) Police Court with attempting suicide, the girl's mother stated that she had for several weeks sent her daughter to pay the butcher's bill. Another daughter on going to the shop found that £3 10s. had not been paid.

On hearing that her dishonesty had been discovered the girl ran out of the house and threw herself in a mill dam. She was rescued by a passer-by.

The girl, who admitted having spent the money on sweets and pictures, and said that she was afraid of a thrashing, was placed on probation, the magistrates advising her to make a real confidant of her mother.

The mother said she had seven children, and had to be strict in the absence of the father, who was in hospital.

56 RENT-FREE HOUSES.

LANDLORDS SAY THEY ARE NOT WORTH REPAIRING.

Fifty-six poor families in Poplar are being allowed to live rent free. All that is required of them is that they shall pay the rates as demanded.

In every case the house has been abandoned by the lessee, who considers the costs of repairs or reconstruction, under Borough Council specifications, more than the houses are worth.

Alderman J. Scurr said that as the leases are probably coming to an end shortly, the owners would not have time to recover their outlay.

A proposal is being considered to erect temporary dwellings in Victoria Park to allow the Council to repair or rebuild the abandoned property.

"THE END OF A PERFECT DAY."

After playing a violin solo, "The End of a Perfect Day," to entertain the members of a touring company at Nuneaton Hippodrome, Warwickshire, William Le Roi (37), leader of the orchestra, was arrested on a charge of stealing jewellery from a dressing-room in the theatre.

At Nuneaton Police Court he was fined £3.

DOGGING AN APPETITE.

At Tottenham court, when it was complained that a man receiving the dole stayed in bed till late in the day, his solicitor remarked:

"There is the advantage. There is nothing doing in his trade, and if he got up early the morning air would provoke an appetite, and the larger would suffer in consequence."



Miss Phyllis Gower (left), a housemaid, gave evidence for the Hon. J. M. Russell in the great divorce drama. Below her is Lady Amphill, mother of the petitioner. In the centre is a new picture of Mrs. Russell and her baby boy Geoffrey. Right: Mr. W. Crane, a valet, who alleged he had seen Mrs. Russell at the co-respondent's flat. Below: A studio portrait of Mrs. Russell.

THE GUILTY LOVERS.

CASE THAT RESEMBLED THE ILFORD CRIME.

The trial at Antwerp of Van Den Wouver and Mme. Steinmann ended in the couple being found guilty.

Sentence of death was at first passed upon the man, but owing to his war services the judge later sentenced him to imprisonment for life.

Mme. Steinmann was sentenced to 15 years' imprisonment.

The case caused a great sensation in Belgium and its features strongly recalled the Thompson-Brywaters murder.

As M. Steinmann was putting his car into the garage one night last June, he was shot by a man whose face he could not see and fell mortally wounded. His wife herself called the doctor and drove him to the nearest nursing home.

Before his death a week later M. Steinmann informed the police that he suspected his wife and her lover, Van Den Wouver, of having conspired to murder him.

The object of the crime, it was alleged, was to obtain the proceeds of an insurance policy of 300,000 francs.

WIDOW'S STRANGE NOTES.

SUICIDE'S DELUSIONS OF TORTURES AND POISON.

Some strange letters were read at an inquest at Mitcham on Mary Ann Scott (80), a widow, who was found dead with her head in a gas-oven.

It was stated by a brother that since the death of her husband two years ago she had suffered from delusions, one of which was that people were laying poison about her house.

One stated: "I do not owe anyone a farthing. People will say I am insane. I am not penniless, and do not mean to live till I am. There is a list of things I wish distributed."

The coroner's officer explained that Mrs. Scott had tied up the articles in separate parcels and labelled each one.

Reading a passage from another letter, the coroner asked what was meant by the words, "the tortures I have suffered," and the witness replied that Mrs. Scott was not satisfied with the way she was treated by the pensions and insurance people.

In another letter Mrs. Scott wrote: "I am so tired to find rest if possible. . . . The Minister of Health and the doctors all to blame for this. At least, I am told the Minister of Health is responsible for the tortures."

A verdict of suicide while of unsound mind was returned.

"DIRTY-MINDED PUBLIC."

JUDGE'S ATTACK ON FOLK IN COURT.
Certain members of the public who laughed in Shoreditch County Court when bad language was repeated in evidence were described by Judge Clier as "loafing," "useless," "disgusting," and "dirty-minded."

Later the judge said to a section of the public in court, "If you like to use filthy language, go out and use it to each other; go out into the street where you can be punished for it."

BIRDS IN SMALL CAGES.

Thomas Mills, an East End publican, appeared against a conviction at Thames Police Court for causing unnecessary suffering to 12 chaffinches before Mr. A. J. Lawrie and a Bench of Justices at London Sessions.

The prosecution alleged that the appellant kept the chaffinches in a dirty state in small cages.—Mr. Lawrie said the Bench had decided that the appeal should be dismissed, with costs, and added that the sooner people stopped the practice of keeping birds in small cages on the ground they sang well, the better.

SAUSAGE "KING'S" FORTUNE.

Mr. Charles Henry Palethorpe, of Brockencote Hall, Kidderminster, Worcester, for many years head of Messrs. Palethorpes, Ltd., of sausage fame, who died Nov. 19, aged 66 years, left an estimated property valued at £250,000.

He bequeathed £1,250 to the Birmingham General Hospital for a C. H. Palethorpe bed; £1,000 to the Birmingham University for a permanent fund to bear his name; and £500 to the Great Hospital, Dudley, for a C. H. Palethorpe bed.

He left £250 to other charities, and three months' wages to female domestic servants and a month's wages to male domestic servants.

LOSS NOT ALL ON ONE SIDE.

PREMIER ON THE FRENCH ADVANCE IN THE RUHR.

Explaining in the House of Commons the position of the Government in regard to the Ruhr occupation, Mr. Bonar Law said:

"There is no doubt whatever that the French Government have not gained by their adventure in the Ruhr. There has been a very heavy loss, and, if that continues, what the end of it will be I do not venture to prophesy."

"But that loss is not all on one side. What has happened is that the jugular vein of Germany has been cut. That must be ruinous to Germany."

"Whatever the ultimate outcome may be there is less ability on the part of Germany to pay reparations as the result of French action. Everyone in the House would be glad to see an end of it."

"There was no use the Government attempting to do anything unless there was public opinion behind them."

"We were weary of war. If the line advocated in many of the speeches were adopted, instead of maintaining the Entente, it would end it. We would have the possibility of enforcing our will on France by war. That seemed to him to be the inevitable result. At this moment the French would deeply resent any attempt at mediation."

£500 BREACH DAMAGES.

MOTHER WHO WOULD NOT GIVE SON CONSENT.

A romance that started when the parties were in their childhood had a sequel at Manchester Assizes when Justice Greer awarded £500 breach of promise damages and costs to Nellie Green, aged 30, daughter of a farmer at Blackwood Head Farm, Old Laund Booth, near Burnley, against James Rhodes, aged 32, of Greenbank Farm, in the same district.

Mr. Eastham, K.C., for the young woman, said that the couple had been acquainted since childhood. The girl assisted Rhodes' mother in the housework until April, 1921, when she took up full-time service there.

Defendant promised the girl he would marry her when he obtained his mother's consent, said counsel, and under this promise there were intimate relations.

The mother refused her consent, in spite of the fact that the young man persuaded the girl and another servant to leave the house, leaving her without anyone to do the housework.

Eventually a baby was born, and an order was obtained against Rhodes. Defendant, added counsel, had paid £105 in the court with a denial of the promise.

Plaintiff, in her evidence, said that Rhodes told her he had £3,000 in his own right, and would have £7,000 on the death of his mother.

On another occasion, said Green, defendant asserted he would marry her in spite of his mother's opposition.

BABY UNAFFECTED.

CONSTABLES OVERCOME BY GAS IN HOUSE OF TRAGEDY.

Returning from school, Winnie Chapman (8) found her mother, Mrs. C. H. Chapman (35) lying with her head in a gas oven at her home in Longstone-road, Eastbourne.

The little girl hurried back to school to tell her 12-year-old sister, and on the way she told a porter, who informed the police.

Sergeant Whyman and P.C.s Hurd and Walsh crawled into the house, which was full of gas, opened all the windows, and tried to restore Mrs. Chapman, but without success. They were affected by gas fumes, and Hurd had to be medically attended. During their efforts a baby walked into the gas-filled house and spoke to the dead mother without being affected by the fumes.

A WAYWARD DAUGHTER.

A singular story of a young girl's waywardness was told by the mother when May Lumb, aged 19, was placed on probation for 12 months by the Sheffield magistrates, before whom she was charged with wandering without visible means of subsistence.

The mother said her daughter had often been found sleeping out. Sometimes she got back into the house during the night by creeping down the cellar grate. She had slept during night and day on a stone bench.

The girl had had a baby in the workhouse, and witness had consented to look after it, while defendant went into service. For three weeks the girl had not been near her mother until the police brought her.

WED TO LEARNING.

WOMEN UNDERGRADS WHO DO NOT MARRY.

Speaking at a meeting at the Mansion House, London, in support of an appeal for the endowment of the four women's colleges at Oxford, Dean Inge, of St. Paul's Cathedral, said he sometimes thought the only good thing that had come out of the war was the discovery of the incalculable asset the country possessed in the other, the forgotten, half of its members.

Alluding to the attractive women undergraduates seen in the streets of Oxford with their "fey" caps, the Dean expressed regret at the "deplorable low percentage" of women undergraduates who married.

"I see that only 657 out of 12,607 married, and I hope that the others will not be so hard-hearted as to take vows of perpetual maidenhood," he added.

The Archbishop of York said he was convinced that women ought to share with men the traditions, inspiration, teaching, and life of the national universities.

UNEMPLOYED "STRIKE."

500 MEN WHO REFUSED TO ACCEPT OUT-RELIEF.

Five hundred unemployed men went "on strike" at Edmonton by refusing to accept their out-relief.

They alleged that one of them had had his out-relief reduced wrongly. They went to the lay station at the Grove, mission, and took possession of the premises.

The superintendent relieving officer promised that the man's case would be investigated at the next meeting of the Finance Committee of the board.

The "strikers" consented to receive their relief pay and dispersed after having been in possession of the hall for two hours.

BROKE CAT'S BACK.

NEIGHBOUR'S STORY OF MAN'S CRUELTY.

William Osborne, of Croydon-st., Bristol, was sentenced to six months' hard labour at Bristol for cruelty to a cat.

A neighbour said she saw Osborne, who was the worse for drink, holding the cat's front legs with one hand and the back legs with the other, and stretching the animal out. She took it away from him, and found that the cat could not move its hind parts. Shortly afterwards the cat died, and examination showed that its back had been broken in two places.

"IMPUDENT" BANKRUPTS.

JUDGE'S SCATHING CRITICISM.

This is one of the most impudent applications I have ever heard made in a court," declared Judge Amphlett at the Birmingham County Court, when two Polish Jews, father and son, applied for their discharge from bankruptcy.

"It is a history of adventure, reckless trading, fire, pilfering, burglaries, and everything else. Four shillings in the £ paid, yet they come within a year or two and ask for a discharge. You won't have," added the judge.

The application was dismissed.

TRAFFIC IN HORSES.

Sir R. Mander, in Parliamentary papers, states that no horses can be shipped from Great Britain to the Continent unless they pass a high standard of fitness for work and to travel without suffering.

He has no power, however, to determine the use to which a horse shall be put after it leaves this country, but he will encourage in every way the conversion of the traffic in live horses for butchering into a trade in dead meat.

A BETTER USE.

"Well, you know, Mr. Richardson," said Mr. H. G. Robjah, addressing a man who was charged before him at Lambeth Police Court with drunkenness, "you could not have got into your condition last night without the expenditure of a considerable sum of money."

"That sum of money would have been very much better in an impoverished child's pocket. You must pay 7s. 6d. please, and 10s. 6d. costs."

TIME OFF TO DRAW DOLE.

Thomas Leybourne, carman, of Bilton-road, Willesden Green, who was charged at Willesden with obtaining unemployed benefit by false pretences, admitted that he was in work, and got an hour or two off to go to the Labour Exchange and draw the dole.

He was sentenced to one month's imprisonment.

WOMAN CLAIMANT TO £40,000.

RECLUSE'S FORTUNE.

LONELY MAN'S RELATIVES FOUND.

A sister of Mr. Henry Frederick House, the wealthy hotel reclus, has claimed her brother's fortune, which is estimated at £40,000.

Mr. House, a retired Indian Civil Servant, died suddenly at the Charing Cross Hotel, London, and at the inquest it was stated that although his income was about £3,700, he was not known to have any relatives or friends. He was described by the Westminster coroner as "one of the loneliest men on earth."

The sister is Mrs. Ellen Mary Russell, of 220, Upper Chorilton-road, Manchester, who identified the body as that of her brother. It was the first time she had looked on her brother's features for years.

Her claim to be his next-of-kin appears to be well-founded, and it is likely that she will receive the fortune left by her brother.

Mrs. Russell, who journeyed to London with her son, has returned to Manchester, where the funeral will take place.

It is now known that several relatives in Bristol and Manchester survive him. An uncle, Mr. Isaac House, still lives at Westbury-on-Trym, near Bristol.

The manager of the Charing Cross Hotel stated that Mr. House had stayed at the hotel on and off for about 20 years. "So far as I can gather, when he left us he had no relatives," he added.

"No visitors ever came to see him, and he had scarcely any correspondence. He lived as cheaply as ever he could, and rarely spoke to anyone. His only interest, so far as I could discover, was in old books."

Mr. House never tipped a hotel servant and never took a taxi cab because he "could not afford it." He neither drank nor smoked, and his hotel bill rarely exceeded £3 a week. He never smiled, never spoke to a woman, and rarely to a man.

His health seemed to be his chief concern, and at times he would stand before the hotel clock for minutes on end while he took his pulse.

BOY DEAD IN CHAIR.

DIARY AND LETTERS TO VICAR AND CORONER.

In a back room at the chemist's shop of Mr. F. G. Blackley, Leicester, Benjamin Samuel Bourne (14), who was employed at the shop, was found huddled dead in a chair.

On a table by the chair was a bottle that had contained poison, a medicine draught, a diary compiled by the boy, and some letters.

One of the letters was to the Rev. T. Coward, Vicar of St. Leonard's Church, at which the boy formerly had been a member of the choir. Another letter was addressed to the Leicester coroner.

MUNITIONS BLAZE.

FRIGHTENED GIRLS DASH FOR SAFETY.

The lives of some 65 girls were endangered by an outbreak of fire which occurred at a Government ammunition factory at Park Royal, near Acton, West London.

The girls, employed by Messrs. Pickett and Co., were engaged in a shed taking out the bullets from cartridges, and passing the remaining cordite and casings through apertures communicating with the outside of the shed.

At about 3 o'clock an electric wire in the shed fused, setting light to the main-board ceiling. As sparks fell from the burning roof the fire spread rapidly to the accompaniment of a number of small explosions.

There was a slight panic, the girls rushing out, many of them leaving behind hats, coats, and money. The shed was destroyed, together with its equipment, which included two electric motors. Fortunately no one was injured.

GET-RICH-QUICK FRAUD.

MAN WHO MADE £5 INTO £62,000.

Sentencing William Stanley Rees (38) to 18 months' hard labour at Cardiff Assizes, Justice Acton said: "It may be that you never paused to think of the possible suffering you might bring upon honest people by devising this extremely ingenious means of extracting what might be the savings of a lifetime."

Rees was charged with false pretences, and the evidence showed that, opening a trading company with £5 capital, he evolved a scheme under which the public were invited to get rich quick by investing £1 a week for 20 weeks.

In a short time he received £62,000. He repaid £25,000, and a similar sum in interest, leaving £10,000 partly accounted for by payments to people who introduced clients, and to others under racing schemes.

ILLITERATE YOUTHS.

Three well-dressed young men who were called to give evidence in a licensing prosecution at Newcastle had to confess that they could not read or write.

One of the three was 19 and another 21. All said they could tell the time of day and count the number of drinks they consumed.

SAVING BABY LIVES.

LOWEST INFANT MORTALITY RATE ON RECORD.

The lowest infant mortality rate on record is shown in the annual review of the Registrar-General for 1922.

Infant mortality accounted for 77 deaths per 1,000 births. The previous lowest rate was 80, in 1920.

Although the birth-rate was only 30.6, compared with 32.6 in 1921, and 35.5 in 1920, there was little justification for the idea that a dangerous fall in birth-rate was taking place. The high rate in 1920 was clearly due to the industrial boom of the two previous years.

In 1913, the last normal year, the birth-rate was 23.9. But the death-rate was 13.8, nearly a point higher than in 1922. It is, of course, the margin between the birth-rate and the death-rate that counts. A high birth-rate and a high death-rate are mutually destructive.

The natural increase of population in 1922 amounted to 263,338, and exceeded the average annual natural increase in the preceding five years by over 34,000. An examination of the death statistics (bronchitis, pneumonia, consumption, etc.) were responsible for more than twice as many deaths as heart disease, and nearly four times as many as cancer, which are second and third on the list.

LAND TAKEN BY FORCE.

ACTION TO REMOVE EX-SOLDIERS.

The case of the nine ex-Servicemen of the Isle of Skye who have taken possession of crofts on the estate of Mr. W. L. Johnson, of Strathaird, came before the First Division of the Court of Session at Edinburgh, upon a petition and complaint by the proprietor that they should be punished for breach of interdiction.

The principal complaint was that on the day after Christmas they entered upon the lands of Camasnan, drove the cattle belonging to Mr. Johnson out of one of the parks, and proceeded to mark out seven crofts, from which they refused to withdraw.

It was stated on behalf of the men that they greatly regretted to appear as if in defiance of the court, but they had been driven into that position by their necessities. It was not impossible that some arrangement might yet be come to between the Board of Agriculture and the men to settle them on other land.

The Lord President on being informed that no undertaking could be given that the men would remove, remarked: "That, I think, leaves us no alternative as to the course to be taken. So far as we know there is no justification for what has been done."

He ordered the men to appear on the first day of the Summer Session (May 12), and added that in the first instance there would be no certification, which meant that the men would be given an opportunity to appear voluntarily, but if they failed to do so steps would be taken to bring them.

£1,500 LITIGATION.

TO RECOVER RENT INCREASE OF 3d A WEEK.

Sufficient difficulties are involved in the Rent Act without raising more by suing for a halfpenny a week, was Judge McCarthy's comment in giving judgment at Pontefract (Yorks) County Court against Thomas Jackson, a Castleford urban councillor, for payment of 10d. the balance due for 30 weeks, at a halfpenny a week, to Mary Nicholson, his landlady.

The sum represented the calculated apportionment of an increase of rates. The case has been before the House of Lords, involving costs considerably over £1,500.

The present claim was for 2s. 7d. on the ground that defendant had made wrong deductions from his rent.

On behalf of the landlord it was stated that the case was not frivolous, as £5,000,000 was involved throughout the case in the original decision, and in the present case £250 a year.

Judge: Then take your costs out of £250 saved. I shall give you none.

POOR BOY'S TRIUMPH.

SCHOLARSHIP THAT LED TO A MEDICAL DEGREE.

The story of a youth who overcame the disabilities of poverty and eventually became a doctor was told to the Bournemouth Guardians by the vicar, chairman of the board.

The boy's mother was a widow and the vicar, chairman of the board, and the family had received out-relief. The boy won a scholarship at a Bournemouth school, and began to study for the Civil Service. Then the war came, and he joined the Army.

Afterwards he met a doctor in York, who recommended him to take up the study of medicine, and helped him to do so. He went to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, and in January took the degrees M.B.C.S. and L.R.C.P.

The doctor who befriended him died, and the young man succeeded in the practice he left.

SAILOR'S FOOLISH PRANK.

Charged at Salisbury with stealing a mare, Percy Warwick, of U.M.S. Excellent, Portsmouth, pleaded that he was in a desperate hurry to get home to his wife, and took the horse from a stable.

Warwick was found leading the horse along a road soon after midnight. The magistrates discharged him, stating that they regarded the affair as a foolish prank.

G.O.M. OF CO-OPERATION.

Mr. Edward Owen Greening (43), the "Grand Old Man" of the Co-operative movement, has died at his residence at Lee, Kent. During his activities in the cause of temperance, co-operation, and co-partnership, he came into contact with Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," John Ruskin, and Charles Kingsley.

BEST-DRESSED WOMAN'S WIRES TO COURT.

PAID FOR BY JUDGE.

SERIES OF EXCUSES.

A dramatic surprise was sprung upon a crowded court on Thursday when Justice McCardie produced telegrams from the wife of Captain J. V. Nash, of Dukel, Grovenor, who was expected to appear in the King's Bench Division to give evidence in the action in which her husband was sued by Callot Soeurs, costumiers, of Avenue Malignon, Paris, and Buckingham Gate, London, for £337 7s.

The sum represented the balance alleged to be due on an account for dresses supplied to Mrs. Nash, who, it was stated during the hearing of the case, aspired to be the best-dressed woman in London.

Judgment at the trial was reserved by Justice McCardie, who granted permission for the wife to be called by Callot Soeurs.

She did not appear, however, and the case was further adjourned for judgment to be given.

Mr. Schiller, K.C., for Messrs. Callot Soeurs, said Mrs. Nash had sent a telegram from Paris to plaintiffs' solicitors stating that she was ill, and that her doctor had forbidden her to travel. The result was that they had to ask for a commission to take her evidence or to apply for an adjournment.

The Judge: When did she become ill? Mr. Schiller: I know no more than I have already told your lordship.

Mr. Hemmende, K.C. (for defendant), opposed an adjournment, and said he was surprised that Mrs. Nash was now in Paris. According to the Press she was reported two or three days ago to be in the South of France.

THE TWO TELEGRAMS.

The Judge: Mrs. Nash has sent me a telegram. It is addressed to me here. It says:

Impossible for me to come to England and deny lies told by my husband and the Callot Soeurs case. Have not the money necessary for solicitors and travelling expenses. Please let me give my evidence in Paris.

"Ode she should forget to mention her illness in the telegram to me," added the judge.

Mr. Hemmende: Shortage of money must have occurred very suddenly.

The Judge: The telegram I have read was followed by a second, which reads:

Have just received telegram from Cohen and Cohen, solicitors, acting for Callot Soeurs against Captain Nash saying that if I don't come to-morrow Captain Nash will boast that I am afraid to face the porter of the Duke's flat. (Laughter.) So come at once without fail. Don't allow this.

I was anxious to come and give evidence, but was informed it would cost £100 for trip.

I went to see Callot, and I begged them to pay expenses, but without success, and I am unable to bear expenses. Please excuse me bawling you, but I know you would like to see justice done, and am very worried about case, and would like to give evidence in Paris. (Laughter.)

The Judge remarked that he made no mention of one of two telegrams he had received, and in respect of which, even though they came from the south of France, his agents had to pay a very substantial sum, as they were forwarded with the fee to be collected in London.

If the telegrams she sent her husband were as long as the earlier telegrams, he could understand how he would be thrust into agonising poverty.

"SERIES OF EXCUSES."

The judge asked why, if what the lady said was true, plaintiffs should not pay for Mrs. Nash's trip to London or their agents' expenses last night, and we replied at once.

The Judge: It is curious that I should get a telegram on that subject first thing yesterday morning. It confirms my opinion that the lady is sending merely a series of excuses for her absence. She will not come to London and face cross-examination.

Mr. Schiller: Why did she write and say she wanted to give evidence?

The Judge: She thought, without coming to London and without being cross-examined, she could say something injurious to her husband's reputation.

Why, before the case came on, did you not get into touch with this lady if you wanted her as a witness? I suppose you knew she had written her husband the letter to say this account of plaintiff's was her account.

Mr. Schiller: We did not know of the letter till two days before the trial.

The Judge: I shall not grant a further adjournment. I was originally suspicious, but thought I would give Mrs. Nash an opportunity of offering testimony. I think she does not want to come; has no intention of coming; and that her telegrams are mere excuses, consistent with each other, and false.

Justice McCardie said judgment would be delivered on the evidence during the week.

THE "CITY MOTHER."

Mrs. Bailey, wife of the Darwen Weavers' Secretary, created a mild sensation at Darwen Town Council, of which she is the solitary woman member, by taking her accustomed seat nursing her month-old baby, who quietly surveyed the "city fathers."

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A PLAIN SPOKEN LITIGANT.

"THE ARTFUL SNARE LAID IN THIS COURT."

Allegations against an official of the court and against the legal profession generally were made in the course of a lawsuit, as delivered by the Chancery Court by Mr. Thomas Angus Southern, a Cardiff litigant.

Application was made to Justice Eve for an order to commit Mr. Southern to prison for disobeying an order of the court previously made by Justice Peterson directing him, as a trustee, to sign cheques for the payment of costs in proceedings concerning the administration of the Southern estate.

Mr. Vaisey, for the solicitors concerned, said that two other trustees had signed the cheques, but Mr. Southern persisted in refusing to do so.

His Lordship (to respondent): Why don't you obey the order?

Respondent said that he had appealed to the Court of Appeal and then made a further application, but it was out of order. He proposed to appeal to the House of Lords.

"It is my duty," he declared, "to resist the payment of these costs, yes, even by imprisonment for contempt of court. I am going to make an application to the Law Society against one of the solicitors."

Having just escaped from a snare artfully laid in this court and rescued the property of my relatives, my children, and myself from the man who had laid hands on it, it is my bounden duty to my countrymen to proclaim the existence of a snare to prevent those coming after me from walking into it.

"PERJURY RAMPANT."

The one man from whom I have the greatest right to expect encouragement in doing so is your lordship, because the foundation of the plot consisted in abusing your high office and attempting to make you the unworthy accomplice of the robbery planned by a trusted officer of this court, a man of high standing in his profession.

Respondent went on to talk of "cold, calculated, deliberate, wilful, corrupt perjury of an officer of the court."

He protested against an insidious system that allowed the beneficiaries of an estate to be robbed wholesale by solicitors who had the chance to set interested parties at naught.

"Perjury," he declared, "stalks rampant in these courts unrebuked, and if the courts were cleared of it, the moral tone of the nation would be lifted. We are lawyer-ridden and these things are arranged by the lawyers."

I ask you to give me one month to lodge my application with the Law Society, and I am willing to give security for the money."

His Lordship eventually suspended the order until March 12.

WATER-CAN TONIC.

PULLEY USED TO OPEN MOUTH OF RHINOCEROS.

Mr. R. I. Pocock, F.R.S., superintendent and curator of mammals at the Zoo, London, who is retiring this month, tells some interesting stories of the medical treatment of animals.

"One of the most difficult patients we have had was a big Indian rhinoceros," says Mr. Pocock. "It was necessary to administer medicine, and the problem was how to do this, for the animal refused to feed."

"We got over the difficulty by roping him to the bars, and then by the aid of a pulley we managed to get a slip-knot into his mouth and haul up his upper jaw. The medicine, sulphate of magnesia, was administered by means of a watering-can, and the beast drank the whole of it."

SHREWD WOMAN.

LESS TRUSTFUL THAN MAN, SAYS MR. BALDWIN.

"Woman is the one who keeps the household budget. She is the chancellor of the exchequer at home. The man is a simpler and more ingenious creature, and manages his steps till he falls into the grave."

These views were expressed by Mr. Stanley Baldwin, Chancellor of the Exchequer, at a London conference of Women Unionists.

Woman, he added, was a less trustful animal than man. She was a very difficult problem for the glib-tongued demagogue.

LADY HARDINGE'S ICES.

CHAPERONES NOT NEEDED IN HER DANCE HALLS.

Lady Hardinge, wife of Sir Arthur Hardinge, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., is co-operating with her husband and a few other society women in running the International Soda Fountains, Ltd., which makes ices and soft drinks.

"We are arranging," said Lady Hardinge, "to open not only in London but also in the provinces and abroad a dance and rest and assembly hall where the most timid can meet with the greatest confidence. We want our dance-chaperones to be unnecessary."

There are some 300 recipes for soft drinks of which Lady Hardinge's expert possesses the recipes. There are scores of cocktails with weird names.

LORD LEVERHULME'S TITLE.

Lord Leverhulme, in a reply to the secretary of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, definitely declines to delete the words "of the Western Isles" from his title.

He says letters he has received from the people of Lewis and Harris indicate that it would give greater offence to the people of the islands if he deleted the words than it would give satisfaction to those who want them removed.

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MAN WHO SCORNE COURT DRESS.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S GREY FROCK COAT.

Mr. A. G. Gardiner's "Life of Sir William Harcourt" (Constable, 2 vols.), will be best appreciated for the wit, whimsy and lively epistles of the famous politician. The book also throws much light on the political secrets of the Gladstone Governments and contains many interesting letters from Queen Victoria.

Although he had a great capacity for exasperating his opponents and alienating his friends, Sir William had many attractive qualities. In private life he was—

large, arrogant, joyous, ebullient, and hard to confine within the narrow limits of artificial decorum. His spirits were somewhat higher than was customary at Queen Victoria's table, his laughter more abundant, his jokes more free.

His spacious manner could not quite accommodate itself to the prim and rigorous regimen of the Court of his time. He was liable to outrage the commandments of dress, as when he went to church with the Queen in a grey frock-coat, of which he was rather proud and subsequently received from Posenbury the message: "We don't like grey on Sunday."

Queen Victoria seems to have retained her liking for Sir William and even tolerated his great fondness for tobacco. When he was Home Secretary Sir William found some difficulty in dealing with the Queen.

She was especially suspicious where men guilty of wife murder were revivified. "Men are lenient to criminals who murder their wives," she said to Posenbury.

Her sympathy for animals was strong. In a letter she denounced "this horrible, brutalising, unchristianlike vivisection. That poor dumb animal should be kept alive as described in this trial is revolting and horrible. This must be stopped."

SCOTTISH MARRIAGE.

"UNPRECEDENTED IN ITS CIRCUMSTANCES."

Describing the case as "unprecedented in its circumstances," Lord Ashmore in the Edinburgh Court of Session, granted a declaration of marriage to an Italian named Carlo Tallarico and his English wife.

Neither party, Lord Ashmore observed, had a domicile in Scotland. They met in London, and agreed to marry, in 1918. They resided 21 days in Scotland, and ultimately accepted each other as husband and wife in a solicitor's office, in the presence of a solicitor and his clerk, and a declaration was signed.

Such a course would be incompetent in England, but it was valid according to the principles of the Scottish Courts.

13 YEARS TO PAY £25.

Frederick Fulcher, labourer, secretary of the Occold (Suffolk) branch of the National Union of Agricultural Workers, was charged at Harlow with fraudulently withholding or converting to his own use £250 6s. 6d.

Fulcher denied taking the money for his own use. The Bench held him guilty of negligence only, and ordered him to return the money at the rate of 2s. 6d. monthly.

THE GOLDEN BALLOT.

THE GOLDEN BALLOT is in aid of the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital at Yvonne, and the Executive Committee consists of—

THE EARL OF DUNDEE & DESMOND, C.B. Sir WILLIAM TRENKLE, K.B.E., M.C. Sir Major-General Sir GEORGE FELDING, K.B., K.C.M.G., M.C. Mrs. C. F. LEVEL.

2/6 TICKETS.

from any A.B.C. SHOP, 1, PICCADILLY CIRCUS and from Mrs. C. F. LEVEL (Desk 33).

8, MARBLE ARCH, W.I.

to whom cheques and postal orders will be made payable. (Please send stamped addressed envelope.)

COUPON—Please send me tickets for which I enclose and stamped addressed envelope.

NAME

ADDRESS

BREW YOUR OWN BEER!

THE FINEST ALE ON STOUT Can be brewed at home at very low cost from our packets of Pure Malt and Kent Hops. Full directions in packets. Cost to brew a pint stout, 15 gallons 1/6, 1 gallon 3/6.

TADE & CO. 7, DUNLOP, NORTHAMPTON

Your very good health, Sir!

STONE'S GINGER WINE

is the wine for a toast—a splendid digestive!

Obtainable in bottles at all Licensed Grocers or Sundry, and sold by the glass at all Bars, Hotels, Restaurants, etc.

Do you ever get STONES? Look for the name on the Label. If any difficulty in obtaining, write Stone's Ginger Wine, Finchley, London, E.C.1

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STONE'S GINGER WINE

LAST 3 WEEKS!

OF THE THIRD

GOLDEN BALLOT

The One and Only Ballot Proceed Legal

Closing Date March 27

Win £2,500 for 2/6

First Prize: £2,500.

2nd Prize: A Valuable String of Real Pearls.

3rd Prize: A Tour Round the World.

4th Prize: A Motor Car.

5th Prize: To be exquisitely dressed for a year.

6th Prize: Three Acres and a Cow.

7th Prize: £100 Broadband Wireless Receiving Installation.

400 Cases of Fine Wines, Supplied by Messrs. Gindery & Durbach, Ltd.

A Fourth Golden Ballot will open on March 28th, but the Tickets may cost MORE

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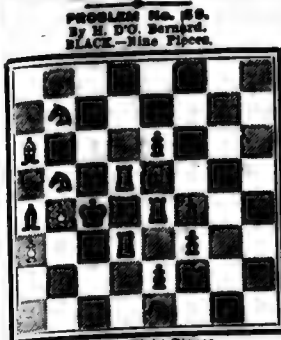
TADE & CO. 7, DUNLOP, NORTHAMPTON

Your very good health, Sir!

STONE'S GINGER WINE

is the wine for a toast—a splendid digestive!

CHESS: By A. G. CONDE.



WHITE—Eight Pieces.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 58 (Warrior).

Key-answer: 1. Qd4.

A clever black threat.

Correct solutions received from:—H. Banks,

H. H. Brown, Appleton, E. J. Gibbs, T. W. Bladon,

A. H. Brown, Appleton, E. J. Gibbs, T. W. Bladon,

A. H. Brown, Appleton, E. J. Gibbs, T. W. Bladon,

A. H. Brown, Appleton, E. J. Gibbs, T. W. Bladon,

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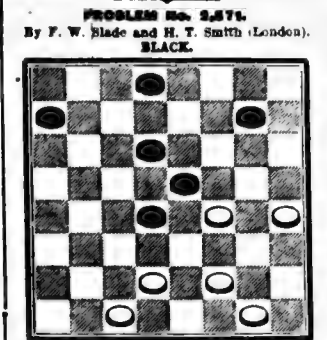
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DRAUGHTS: By J. M. ROBERTS.



WHITE—Eight Pieces.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 58 (Warrior).

Key-answer: 1. Qd4.

A clever black threat.

Correct solutions received from:—H. Banks,

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JIMMY WILDE ON MYSTERY OF HIS FIGHT.

VILLA OR GENARO? NO OFFICIAL NEWS: READY FOR EITHER.

(Exclusive to "The People" by JIMMY WILDE.)

It is a matter of indifference to me whether my opponent for the world's fly-weight title be Panchito Villa or Frankie Genaro. I have heard nothing official concerning the change reported to have been made early last week, and my only information on the point is that gained from the news in the Press.

My contract with Mr. Tom O'Rourke stipulated that I should meet the winner of the Villa-Genaro bout, fought on March 1, and as Genaro was given the verdict I naturally looked forward to meeting the New York Italian.

But evidently the judges' opinion has been set aside, and Villa has been chosen in preference to Genaro because the consensus of opinion of the experts was that the referee's decision against Villa on March 1 ought to be reversed.

Assuming that the latest report is correct, Genaro, indeed, must be a very lucky young man. This is not the first time that he has been passed over after winning the right to fight for championship fame.

Back in August last he was matched to box Villa in an eliminator bout for Johnny Buff's fly-weight title, and although Genaro gained the points award he had to make way for Villa to meet the champion.

WAS IT BAD JUDGMENT?

Are we to understand that Villa in his meeting with Genaro has been the victim of bad judgment?

If so, the New York Commissioners have only themselves to blame, for they are the men who are responsible for selecting the judges and referees of a bout staged in New York State. Also, it rests with them to name the challenger in a championship bout.

Therefore, when I read that "the management of the Polo Grounds chose Villa in preference to Genaro," I am at a loss to understand where the management's power to overrule comes in.

Tom O'Rourke will find me ready to defend my title in a bout with Villa, Genaro, or any other fat man on earth.

So far, I have not settled on my training quarters in the States. The last time I was over there I prepared at the People's Palace, Jersey City. Anyway, I will have no difficulty in fixing up, as I have always received a wonderful reception from the sporting crowd on the other side.

The fact that the title bout takes place in the open-air makes no difference to me. I fought Joe Conn and Johnny Hughes in the open, but my first day-light fight of note was with Kid Morris.

Jimmy Wilde.

WILL McTIGUE WIN WHERE CARP FAILED?

Fifteen years ago, come Saturday next, Jim Roche, the champion of Ireland, fell on St. Patrick's Day. Jim fell in an attempt to wrest the world's championship from Tommy Burns, and there wasn't a dry eye in dear old Dublin when the news leaked out that Jim had been dropped by the first poltogue.

What matters? Irishmen were celebrating the day, and they intend to celebrate it on Saturday next, when Mike McTigue, of County Clare, meets Battling Siki at La Scala Theatre, Dublin, for the cruiser-weight championship of the world.

At least, we are given to understand that it will be a world's title bout, and in order to qualify for this there must be a weigh-in at 12st. 7lb.

McTigue will have no difficulty in passing the scales; in fact he will be several pounds inside. With Siki, however, the case is different. The Senegalese did not have much weight to spare when he defeated Carpenter for the title, and we have been told that the negro is inclined to put on fighting weight.

Siki, who did some practice in France for the scales, is finishing off in Ireland during the past week. It is said that the negro is always fit, and that he only needs about 10 days' training to make him perfect.

And, according to report, Siki's manager says that he will have his protégé down to the cruiser-weight on Saturday next.

There has been nothing out of the ordinary in the Battling system of training, but it is interesting to note that when he takes his walks abroad, Siki is guarded by members of the Civil Guard. They are scared that he will be shot—apparently by someone who has not paid the photographic fee.

A FORTUNATE BOXER.

In a way Siki is a very fortunate boxer. Apart from his victory over the "unhappy" Georgian, the coloured man has done nothing to entitle him to wear a world's crown.

The majority of his opponents have been boxers of poor class, and in the minority we find the names of men who were quitted by the "has-been" long before the Senegalese came upon the scene.

Still, the way of a champion is through the "has-been" class, and even the great Jack Dempsey had to meet such as Jim Flynn.

Dempsey, in time, kept company with first-class fighting men, and that will be Siki's experience when he meets the middle-weight Irishman on March 17.

Born in Ennis, Co. Clare, 33 years back, McTigue first took up the fighting game in New York some nine years ago. Like Tommy Burns he was inspired by watching two other fellows fight, and Mike progressed so well that he was soon able to live without "work."

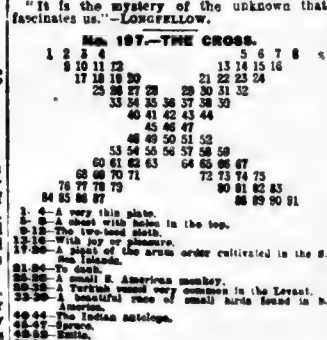
His contents in America run well into the three-figure list, and some of his opponents were picked from the leaders of the light-heavy-weight brigade. He has fought Harry Greb, who, until recently, held the cruiser-weight championship of the States, and in the middle-weight division McTigue has mixed with the Jeff Smith type of boxing man.

On his arrival in England in the autumn of last year McTigue threw out a challenge to any man in Europe, but unfortunately for Mike the news had spread how he had shaped in a gymnasium at Maidenhead with Frank Moran.

Eventually McTigue faced up a bout with Johnny Busham, and this fight was all over as soon as the Irishman cut loose. Ditto with Harry Knight and Harry Reeve.

Of course, a claimant to a world's championship should be able to do all this, but

PUZZLES: By C. P. BASELEY.



No. 197—THE CROSS.

"It is the mystery of the unknown that fascinates us."—LONGFELLOW.

1. A very big plate.

2. A chest with holes in the top.

3. The two best dishes.

4. With top or pleasure.

5. A post with the arms outstretched in the S.

6. A small American monkey.

7. A Turkish name very common in the Levant.

8. A beautiful new small birds found in S. America.

9. A small bird.

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THE BIG HEART

BY JOHN G. BRANDON
A MODERN STORY OF LOVE & INTRIGUE

SYNOPSIS.

Courtney, a fine type of Irish soldier, is engaged for a curfew mission by John Hammerden, a great City financier. Hammerden has a mysterious past, and is being blackmailed by a desperate gang from America led by a clever and unscrupulous adventurer. With Courtney's aid he gathers round him a band of ex-officers to fight the black-guards. Courtney finds a big half-breed tampering with his employer's desk, and a terrible fight ensues. After which Mr. Hammerden tells a curious story and the Hon. Bill Blakeley takes a lady to dinner.

CHAPTER VII. (Continued.)

Just as he was upon the point of reconsidering the matter of the glove fight, he found himself faced by a dazzling apparition in emerald green. She was hatless, and the Honourable Bill gazed in amazement upon an elaborately coiffured mane of flaming red hair; that either knew intimate acquaintance with the substance known as Inecto Rapid, or else was a legacy direct from the devil.

Her skirts were ultra-short, showing a very shapely knee on occasions, clad in the silkiest of silk stockings; but from the top of the emerald cloak he questioned if the lower part of her apparel were as scant as the upper. Had he bet upon that point she would have won. In addition he noticed that her lips stood out as an especial feature of her face—making her hair in suggestion and very nearly in colour; her eyes were narrow, very green, and plainly calculating.

"Ye Gods," thought the Honourable Bill, with a furtive glance around to see that no one knew was in sight, "I've struck it!" "Scuse me," said the Green Person, "you Herbert?"

For a second a wild idea of disowning Herbert occurred to Mr. Blakeley. While rapidly turning this in his mind, the lady went calmly on:

"You're the tallest thing about," she murmured, "and the ugliest I've seen."

The Honourable Bill smiled to grin. "Then I suppose it must be me," he said with a grimace.

He hailed a passing taxi and bundled her unceremoniously into it; praying before the Lord that he was not an observed party.

"We'll feed at a rat-pit I know," he said exuberantly, "and go on to some—some place afterwards."

"Right ho," said Myrtle, leaning back comfortably. "Sorry I kept you waiting. Wouldn't find my damn cigarette-holder anywhere."

Mr. Blakeley offered no comment, but he really thanked his stars that Myrtle did not favour a pipe.

"Goish frock you're wearin'!" he ventured, eyeing the vivid green ankace.

"Yes," drawled Myrtle. "Not so rotten. Feller gave me the whole rig-out for a birthday present. Not a bad bit—his wife says I'll hell when she found out about it."

Found the bill in his pocket, you know. Damn silly, isn't it?"

Mr. Blakeley understood himself to be observing that it was the height of human folly. He didn't quite know what was; but it was all the same.

"In the Guards, he was," went on Myrtle, "for said he was. Soldiers are such rotten larks, aren't they?"

The Honourable Bill corroborated this judgment heartily.

"What are you?" she asked suddenly. "A politician," he answered promptly.

"You took it," said Myrtle, tersely. "I don't think so."

At Spodani's arrival of Mr. Blakeley and his fair enamoured caused somewhat of a sensation. In Enrico's recollection his distinguished guest had never before appeared with quite so vivid a companion as this. When she leisurely removed her cloak and wrinkled up her sharp little nose in silent disapproval of Spodani's, the sensation was even greater.

The upper portion of the gift of the military tricorn helmet took some finding; when it appeared to be two narrow panels that ran up to the temples. The V they turned back and front was so large as to be quite unnecessary. That the lady wore no corsets was, of course, obvious. Back and front she was as bare as the day she was born—and nearly as dimply. A tricky contrivance of very evanescent and transparent material managed, on a whole, to cover, without in the least hiding the extreme apex of her very round breasts—and that was about the lot. The mythological Goddesses, painted with a free hand and equally free imagination upon the walls and ceiling of the Cafe de Napoli were vulgarly overdone in comparison. The elegant scent that emanated from her hair, the thick consommé at Spodani's for weeks.

The Honourable Mr. Blakeley, upon recovering his breath, ordered a special dinner, with wines according to the lady's taste; stepped away out of pink, myrtle-like to enter in a most unbecomingly noisy way with Spodani upon the subject of names and identifications; drew another deep breath, and plunged into the gaiety of the evening, with the resignation of a non-swimmer diving into a swirling flood.

As a result of the intimate conversation with Spodani, that exalted personage waited upon Mr. Blakeley and his fair guest with his own hands. In the course of which service he insisted, with great heartiness and considerable familiarity, in addressing the Honourable Bill as "Necatory" Boulton upon an inordinate number of occasions.

Whether the form of nomenclature chosen was an expression of subtle Spodani humour, as signifying that the latter considered his illustrious patron to be well in the bouillon one may not say. His face expressed nothing but his latent political ferocity. It is probable that he considered the spectacle of Mr. Blakeley in the hands of such a feminine tinder-box a lamentable spectacle; but it was impossible to tell from the Spodani countenance what he thought, or even whether he thought at all.

However, the great Spodani waited upon them with his own hands. And being considerably out of practice at such menial work, waited with excessive clumsiness. He had not done so, had Spodani's hand retained its old surety, this story might have been differently told.

But it was ordained that Spodani was to serve clumsily, and Enrico Spodani did what it had been ordained that he should do.

CHAPTER VIII.

Which resembles somewhat the fortune revealed in a lady's tea-cup. A fair man—love—a quarrel—more love—sudden death—and a dark man to the house, with heavy news.

Mr. John Hammerden, for all that he had so readily pronounced himself unimaginative, was not to be taken by any means as impulsive; he was, in fact, very much in the reverse. Few of the great financier's actions were rarely anything but the result of careful analysis of the situation and a quick determination upon the line of action best suited to his interests. What savoured of impulse was, in reality, speed of thought, and promptitude to act upon his decision; there it ended.

Upon the morning of his engagement of Mr. Courtney, Mr. Hammerden's dainty little daughter no doubt considered herself to be the deus ex machina, the lever which moved her father to that desirable end—as in a sense she was; but Mr. Hammerden, listening amusedly to her heated panegyrics upon the Celtic "Galabad," was nevertheless thinking, and making his own decision with his usual unerring rapidity. Penelope was merely introducing to him the notice the very man he needed. The young gentleman who would act in circumstances that might have been gravely inimical to his own interests, was the man he had carefully worded his advertisement to find. Through the agency of Miss Hammerden and her refractory yellow car, the applicant's virtues had been

tested, proved in advance, and verified from an inconceivable source. Mr. Hammerden, summing up his man later, had been right in his judgment. Here, within three days, had Courtney, at considerable pains to himself, proved him not. He had gone about a dubious task with tact and delicacy; what part luck had played in his meeting with Lady Racedene was, to Mr. Hammerden, of no moment—he had got there. In the doing it he had revolted at his job, played the honest part and said so frankly; again he had feasted himself on a man in whom the dictates of honour and chivalry towards a woman were imperishable.

A fighter, too; considered the big man grimly; taking upon himself an ugly task, a known or unknown, out of loyalty for a man to whom he proposed to leave forthwith.

A man to be trusted; therefore Mr. Hammerden, facing a situation that meant rather more to him than money or position, had trusted him—and fully.

This blackmail scheme which he sensed behind the coming of the half-breed Howarth, might prove to be octopus-like, with the tendency of mure to cling where it has once bemired.

For a long time Hammerden had not thinking; upon his knee the photograph that seemingly he carried always upon him. In his mind, revolving ideas upon ideas, retaining here, discarding there, evolving the burning heart of his great intelligence, some plan for the salvation of this woman—almost unknown to him—whom he loved, should the harm be dreaded threaten her.

Two pieces of information gleaned from Courtney made him nod with satisfaction. The one, the existence of her devoted, hard-featured brother, whom Courtney had gauged as a power to be reckoned with; the other, of the immediate establishment in Wiltshire—if not already accomplished of the Reverend Mr. Brian Desmond as tutor to her little son.

Then, these, he apprehended to be positively aside, whatever the odds, where a

woman's honour and fair name were the gamble. Big Hearts; who would be in-battered or not—at the finish.

Well, there must be secrecy—that for her sake was essential; they must do the work themselves—and in silence. The other side—when they showed their claws—would not yell their business abroad! Once public, their power of blackmail was gone—the lever broken in their hands.

Courtney must lead—with all Hammerden's power, money, and brain behind him. If he wanted help, he must pick his own men; men to be trusted; and bind them to secrecy. Money—and the right breed of men—would soon settle that point.

A sudden flash of memory recalled to him the fruitful of applicant as they had been to Courtney, who had carried them both two days since had waited upon him "X.Y.Z." advertisement. Hard-bitten desperadoes of good blood; gentlemen of breeding, of tested courage; that would walk into such an affair with a light the same long that he carried them both two days since had waited upon him "X.Y.Z." advertisement.

And, by Heck! growled the big man, getting impatiently to his feet, and limping toward the bay-window, "it may come his way before long; that, or something damned near it."

For a long time he stood there, gazing out across the lawn, lost in thought, until the voice of Mrs. Jacob J. Van Tulse, who had been standing directly upon the steps of the house, recalled him to the matter of the day.

Her remarks as she approached, seemingly directed towards the ears of her complaisant husband, appeared to be in effect that, notwithstanding his extraordinary appearance, once upon arrival, she approved highly of Mr. Patrick D'Alroy Courtney. He was aristocratic and connected with the best people—undoubtedly so.

That gentleman, urged by Mr. Hammerden, and still more insistently by his fair chaperone, had taken up temporary residence at "Braylins." A chauffeur having been dispatched for his necessary apparel, he was to remain a guest indefinitely—at any rate, as the big man put it to him privately, until they had decided upon some line of action.

Looking wistfully through the window at his small companion adventure, had expressed no violent abhorrence at the suggestion, and it was so settled.

A call in the yellow car with his lovely hostess (an altogether delightful and propitious hour), upon the nearest disciple of Caledonia, had ameliorated the condition of Mr. Courtney's features considerably, though time alone, he was assured, could restore them to the pristine shape and freshness they had worn prior to his visit to Lombard-st.

Upon Mr. Courtney making mention of the apocryphal motor from which he was supposed to have been pitched (thus ran the story, hastily concocted for "Braylins") the gentleman smiled politely; but with a soupçon of scepticism that delighted his patient hugely. The doctor had practised at Oxford, he explained, where such temporary disfigurements were a commonplace of the daily round.

Miss Penelope, during the time these ministrations were in progress, remained in her car; pondering deeply upon many things; notably as to the lack of cohesion in the story of the accident as related by the sufferer, and the very obvious pains both he and her father were at to blur the matter over; a mutual effort which suggested some unity of purpose in deceit; a deceit that, woman-like, and having nothing whatever to do with her, she meant getting to the bottom of without undue delay.

At dinner that evening Mr. Courtney, from no motive more darkly ulterior than that of an innate chivalry, devoted himself with benign assiduity to the amusement and entertainment of the massive and majestic Mrs. Jacob J. Van Tulse Schornhurst.

This business he carried to no successful issue, as he was gazed upon by the lady's family with the awe and deference due to a wizard. Upon no less than three separate occasions had Mrs. Jacob J. relaxed her Van Tulse hauteur, and laughed outright with the genuine heartiness of the true Shannon blood. As the great magnate whispered in astonishment to his beautiful daughter upon his left hand, "Ronny, the Boss is that tickled, she's behaving all but human!"

Mr. Patrick, in addition to the stories he told of all the chivalry he had ever known—or heard of—(immediately assumed by Mrs. Jacob J., on the strength of his undoubted—and undaunted—grandmother, the Lady D'Alroy Donoughmore, of Dublin, to be connections and intimates of his own) found one of two that tickled the risibilities of the Money King. They were mainly concerning the enterprises of a gentleman of semitic origin to whom had been entrusted the arduous duties of Big man to Mr. Courtney during the Big Bother. Little pleasantries such as, "Joining the soap, and other accessories, the property of brother officers, and retailing them to him at a later computed profit of one thousand and thirty-three-and-a-third over cost price. Of the giving of a fraternal banquet to the said brother officers in which (he had discovered to his horror) every item of the menu had been scrounged from among the guests by the enthusiastic; and in which the C.O. had toasted the gallant host in a bottle of the last of his own port. These and kindred recollections amused Jacob J. until he chuckled inordinately; a subdued form of mirth nearly as rare as his wife's Shannonian snuff.

Mr. Courtney had indeed achieved social success; and in Mrs. Schornhurst's approbation, honours were thrust upon him which he wore without the faintest semblance of a blush. In his benighted ignorance of a big man, he had merely thought she wasn't a bad old sort, and that it must be dashed uncomfortable to be that size. Such is greatness.

"A very admirable young man, Jacob," boomed the notes of the advancing Mrs. Jacob J. "Very amusing, and very highly connected."

"I must get him to write me down some of those Abrahams yarns," said Jacob J. "Some of those would tell good among my friends in New York."

'Tis the greatest pity about his automobile accident," pursued Mrs. Jacob J. "I'm sure his dear grandma, Lady Donoughmore would be terribly upset to

Jacob J., hidden by the shadow of a great elm, grinned.

"Perhaps," he said laconically. "I don't reckon that boy sends a wire home every time he comes to grass. If he did," he smiled reflectively. "I figure they'd be about callous to it by now."

"Thrown," continued Mrs. Schornhurst, "horribly," right on to his face. It must have been a terrible shock."

Again the Money King smiled, and rubbed his chin thoughtfully. His humorous deep-set eyes twinkled.

"Must have been," he agreed slowly, "to have bounced him back right on to his knuckles. Terrible!"

"Terrible, indeed," echoed his spouse, upon whom the train of thought of her obnoxious husband was entirely lost. "He might have broken his neck!"

"Or somebody else's," amended Jacob J. "Search me," he said, "it's an amusing whinicality. I like a fighter; can generally stand pat on what they say or do."

"You do not mean to insinuate, Jacob," uttered the massive lady with tremendous dignity, "that Mr. Courtney has received his injuries in a low, common fight?"

Mr. Hammerden, in his position of enforced audience to this dialogue, listened with some keenness to the opinion given by his friend; he did not for one second underrate the astuteness of the quiet, self-effacing, little man from New York.

Mr. Schornhurst paused over his reply. "Search me," he answered oracularly. "I'm no Sherlock Holmes. But I go as far as this, Mad'leen," he continued impressively, "that should the return bout come off while I am in this effete, bed-ridden country, I will hand over my wad to see it without a tear. It will be the one thing I gazed upon with witness in Europe."

His wife gazed upon him with blank exasperation. "I suppose you know what you're talking about, Jacob Schornhurst?" she remarked, with a snuff of asperity, "for it's more than I do."

"Which," commented that gentleman, "is perhaps all to the good."

They strolled past in complete ignorance of the proximity of their chuckling host. So wary-eyed old Jacob had an idea that the motor accident story was a bluff. Well, John Hammerden knew his coadjutor in many big things well enough to know that he would keep his thoughts to himself. Still water was old Jacob; and like most

still water, deep—devilish deep. They passed on out of earshot, leaving the big man idly wondering how old Jacob would set to work, faced with this menace? What cunning trap would he set with what would he bait it; and when the rats had walked into his trap, as they would inevitably do—what then?

He watched them as they meandered on, the little Money King trailing conversationally along in the wake of his voluminous wife, till they passed quite out of earshot; and he lapsed back into deep contemplation of the thoughts that pre-occupied him.

At a juncture of the path with a rose-bed of two centuries cultivation the little plutocrat and his "Mad'leen" turned, and slowly retraced their steps. Of a sudden, without warning, a thought impaled Mrs. Jacob J.—a thought keen to stab as the stiletto of a lurking assassin. It brought her up confronting her husband—a look upon her face that revealed her frozen horror.

"Jacob," she uttered, clutching at his arm with a spasmodic jerk that made him jump and quiver in every nerve.

"I wish to God," hissed Jacob J. with a vengeance totally foreign to his usual demeanour, "that you wouldn't do that! Remember my cursed dyspepsia! What's bitten you now?"

"Veronica!" gasped Mrs. Schornhurst. "What is there to her?" demanded her husband irately. "She was all right at dinner time! Eat like a—like a young horse! No dyspepsia about her."

"I'm not thinking of her stomach," said Mrs. Schornhurst in agonised tones. "Nor mine either!" snorted the Money King. "Where's those pills, while I think of 'em?"

Mrs. Jacob J. took no heed of his urgent demand for these palliatives. "What," continued his wife in the same stricken fashion, "What if this Mr. Courtney has some matrimonial designs upon—upon our Veronica?"

"What if blazes!" returned Jacob J., with cryptic terseness. "The feller's only seen her five minutes and—"

"And—?" he paused, and eyed her with what would have been whole-hearted contempt if the object of his vision had been other than "Mad'leen." "Mother," he said, slowly, "for a woman who ought to have common sense, you're the limit! On this Veronica and House of Lords stunt, you've got more rats in your attic than a monkey's got fleas! I'm tired of it! You worry me! Get this cornet-hatted feller your heart's so stuck on! Get him; fix his price and bring him here, and if Ronny fancies him I'll buy him—cash on delivery! Then rope him hand and foot and sit on him—heap his castles on top of him, so he can't escape."

"You're talking down right vulgar, Jacob," accused his wife furiously. "Maybe I am," retorted Mr. Schornhurst, "I'm sick of this Dublin trail."

Mrs. Jacob J. Van Tulse Schornhurst stared at him haughtily through her tortoiseshell forenettes, and said "Fshaw!" energetically.

(To be continued.)



"SCUSE ME"
SAID THE GREEN
PERSON
ARE YOU HERBERT?
YOU'RE THE TALLEST
THING ABOUT
AND THE UGLIEST
I'VE SEEN"

tested, proved in advance, and verified from an inconceivable source.

Mr. Hammerden, summing up his man later, had been right in his judgment. Here, within three days, had Courtney, at considerable pains to himself, proved him not.

He had gone about a dubious task with tact and delicacy; what part luck had played in his meeting with Lady Racedene was, to Mr. Hammerden, of no moment—he had got there. In the doing it he had revolted at his job, played the honest part and said so frankly; again he had feasted himself on a man in whom the dictates of honour and chivalry towards a woman were imperishable.

A fighter, too; considered the big man grimly; taking upon himself an ugly task, a known or unknown, out of loyalty for a man to whom he proposed to leave forthwith.

A man to be trusted; therefore Mr. Hammerden, facing a situation that meant rather more to him than money or position, had trusted him—and fully.

This blackmail scheme which he sensed behind the coming of the half-breed Howarth, might prove to be octopus-like, with the tendency of mure to cling where it has once bemired.

For a long time Hammerden had not thinking; upon his knee the photograph that seemingly he carried always upon him. In his mind, revolving ideas upon ideas, retaining here, discarding there, evolving the burning heart of his great intelligence, some plan for the salvation of this woman—almost unknown to him—whom he loved, should the harm be dreaded threaten her.

Two pieces of information gleaned from Courtney made him nod with satisfaction. The one, the existence of her devoted, hard-featured brother, whom Courtney had gauged as a power to be reckoned with; the other, of the immediate establishment in Wiltshire—if not already accomplished of the Reverend Mr. Brian Desmond as tutor to her little son.

Then, these, he apprehended to be positively aside, whatever the odds, where a

Country-house robberies were not unknown; and there were a good many things of value at "Claveringa." He was not sorry the hefty "Fighting Padre" had gone to take up his residence there.

Whatever it was, if it had to do with his sister in that place, it was something of a menace. What it was he did not know, but it was most indubitably up to him to find out.

Buttoning his dinner jacket, he stepped noiselessly to the door and applied his ear to the keyhole. There was a hum of voices—but nothing clear—discernible. Voices—smooth and English in tone; voices nasal, recalcitrant, and unquestionably American; voices—or one voice—unmistakably Italian in its highly pitched volubility.

What the devil had this herd to do with Felicia?

Suddenly, upon a sharp Yankee note he heard the name again. Racedene; distinctly, no possibility of error; repeated again, this time more clearly if possible, than the last.

He stood up and thought hard for a minute. This scum, hidden away in a back room at Spodani's and his sister! He could make nothing of it. With an impatient jerk of his shoulders—he bent his ear again to the keyhole; this time to catch another name he knew—John Hammerden!

What had John Hammerden, the "X.Y.Z." of that precious advertisement, to do with this lot—and Felicia? Again he heard that name repeated—and heard the clanging of a heavy flat upon a table. The note of the voice had been passionate, vengeful. So Mr. John Hammerden had an enemy among these vermin.

The Honourable Bill decided upon one thing quickly; he was very Courtney-like in his obedience to sudden impulses—he must know who was in that room. See them; mark their faces if need be for future reference. He had no chance of discovering more where he was.

Resides, at any moment they might come seeking him from the restaurant. He must act openly—and at once. One good look at them would suffice him. He could think them; mark their faces if need be for future reference. He had no chance of discovering more where he was.

With a sudden impulsive start, the Honourable Bill laid his hand upon the door handle, turned it silently, and stepped unconcernedly into the room.

The Perfection Home

Can you say of your house that it is perfect to your taste, perfectly clean, perfectly healthy? It is possible, with the assistance of Perfection Soap to achieve, at least, perfect cleanliness. A free lather, ruthless searching out of dirt, and an appearance of scrupulous whiteness for clothes and everything comes into contact—these are what Perfection Soap brings to the house.

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[illegible]

Sport Jottings

of the week...

By Kestrel.

As I anticipated in these notes last week the English team that met Wales at Cardiff gave a disappointing display, though they did manage to avoid defeat. There is no doubt that a purely professional team nowadays is not a success. There is no outstanding player in any position, and the men are far too prone to be selfish when not playing with their clubmates. I am not at all a fan of the dash-and-charge type of play, but the players are also weak in the defence, and the P.A. Selection Committee seem to be as far as the "pros" are concerned.

They take up the standpoint that there is no "virtue" to be found for international matches outside the professional ranks, and England is suffering from this folly, just as we are in Rugby football. The authorities could not believe that anyone not playing for a London, University, or Services side could possibly be worth a "cap."

Will we get an infusion of amateur dash into England's Association team, success cannot be anticipated. As things are going at present we are likely to get a bad beating by Scotland. One P.A. Councillor explained to me that amateur forwards cannot finish their work properly, in his opinion, but they certainly are no worse in this respect than the professional forwards. The League "sharpshooters" to score when they near the posts cannot be imagined. It is generally a matter of pure chance if the ball goes anywhere near its mark, while the wing forwards' great and only idea seems to be to get down close to the line and then put in a centre that drops right into the goalkeeper's hands—which is just what he wants, of course. The inclusion of Creek, Luggart, and Hegau would strengthen any English team, to say nothing of Hunter and Bower, but I don't suppose these players' claims will be recognised until it is too late.

One striking proof of the ineffectiveness of the present internationalists is to be found in the Cardiff City team, which contains no fewer than eight. One has only to look at the City's League record to see that these men are no better than those who have not been capped. It is a pity that they get back to the international standard of other days a drastic change will have to be made in the method of team selection, and less attention must be paid to "prettiness" and more to thrustfulness.

Of England's team against Wales Watson did the most justly, but he was not great at all. Seed did not keep his position, but otherwise was good. Grimdall again often forgot he was the left half-back, to his side's detriment, while only sentiment can account for the preference of Wilson over Hill, of Plymouth Argyle, to centre half.

The backs made one or two mistakes at the start, but were sound afterwards, and Taylor kept a good goal, though even he made one slip. It was not an encouraging exhibition by any means, in view of the match with Scotland.

Our Chosen for Inverloch.

England's Rugby team to meet Wales next Saturday is probably as strong a side as can be placed in the field now, with S. W. Harris and Gilbert on the injured list. Holiday, the Cumberland full-back, has got his "cap" in Gilbert's place owing to his

sound displays in the trial games, and no one will cavil at this. The suppression of Corbett was anticipated, as he has become much too fond of trying to "sell the dummy" on every occasion, however well his wing or other centre may be placed, and Locke (Birkenhead Park) undoubtedly had the strongest claim to his position.

Realising the weight and strength of the Scottish forwards, a change has been dropped to make room for Blakiston (Northampton), who can shove with the best, in addition to being very clever in the loose. Edwards has also been introduced into the pack, for his weight, to the exclusion of Cove-Smith. These changes will not weaken the team, though both the men left have done so well in previous games that it is hard lines on them to have to stand down for the match of the season.

I still see no reason why England should not win, though I recognise that Scotland are stronger all round than we are for some time past, and are trusting to the opportunity of the Englishmen to turn the scales in their favour. I don't think there will be anything between the teams in other respects.

A Memorable Tour.

F. T. Mann and his merry men finished off their tour in South Africa in fine fashion this week by defeating the Western Province by 10 wickets, the only defeat being that experienced in the first test match. The tour was a great success socially, and has done much to revive South African cricket, but unfortunately it has not led to the discovery of any fresh "test" talent in England is concerned, unless we take it that Macaulay is a new man in this respect. E. R. Gilligan certainly did well, but not sufficiently so to make himself out a match winner, while G. T. S. Stevens, who had had luck in the way of illness and injury, was a great disappointment. He never got acclimatised, but it must be that he will fulfil his early promise on the wickets at home in the near future.

The tour will ever be memorable for Russell's feat in scoring two centuries in one test match, but he and Sandham are the only two batsmen who have added to their reputation for speed and power more than that of Russell and Sandham.

F. T. Mann made an excellent captain, and his batting was of much more value than his average (27.04) would suggest. He came to the help of the side on one or two occasions, particularly in the last match, when he scored a century. In this his second innings was an absolutely invaluable one. He and the team generally must be heartily congratulated on the outcome of their united efforts, whatever individual failures there were.

It looks as if there are two coming English Test match players at least, with Mann's team in Australia. A. P. F. Chapman will certainly be in our next national side, given ordinary luck, while F. S. G. Calhorne, the Warwickshire skipper, has done enough to bring himself well into the running. Other of the young amateurs in the team have also performed creditably and may yet reach test match class.

The Flappers' Joy.

Once again the two University crews are at Putney, and the hearts of all the flappers in the district are beating furiously every time a dark or light blue oarsman comes into sight. Despite the really trying weather, the flappers are doing their best to watch the initial practice of the two crews on the tidalway. Though the river-side opinion is slightly in favour of the Light Blues, there seems no doubt that, given favourable weather conditions, it will be a great race this year between two really good eight men more than up to pre-war standard.

VARSIITY BOXERS.

OXFORD BEAT CAMBRIDGE BY FOUR EVENTS TO THREE.

At Oxford on Friday night the Inter-Varsity boxing results in a very close contest, Oxford by four events to three, Egan, the American boxer, winning both contests in which he competed. Results:—

Heavyweights.—L. P. Egan (Denver, U.S.A.) and New College, Oxford, beat D. A. Simpson (Grosvenor, U.S.A.) and Trinity, Cambridge, the bout being stopped in the second round.

Lightweights.—D. H. P. Clarke (St. Paul's, Cambridge) beat E. P. Egan (New College, Oxford) by a technical knockout in the second round.

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FRENCH BOXERS AT PLYMOUTH.

French boxing results in the Plymouth contest at the Plymouth Hotel on Friday night, on Friday evening, local boxers, providing the opportunity in each instance, to visitors to the town. The French boxers, who had been in the town for a few days, were defeated by the local boxers in all the bouts. The French boxers, who had been in the town for a few days, were defeated by the local boxers in all the bouts.

PRINCE'S RACING COLOURS.

The Prince of Wales, as registered in his racing colours, blue, white, and black, and for 1923 under national rule, is to be seen in the Prince of Wales' Handicap at Epsom on Saturday. The Prince's racing colours, blue, white, and black, and for 1923 under national rule, is to be seen in the Prince of Wales' Handicap at Epsom on Saturday.

FOOTBALL GIRLS FIGHT.

A women's football match at the Stade Municipal in Paris between the Olympique and the Paris club ended in a draw, says the "Daily Mail." Towards the end of the game the Paris club, who were the favourites, were defeated by the Olympique, who were the underdogs.

SURPRISES IN F.A. CUP-TIES.

A BAD DAY FOR THE LONDON CLUBS.

There were several surprises in the F.A. Cup-ties yesterday, the London teams having a very bad time, only West Ham surviving, and they have yet to beat Southampton.

RESULTS.

Tottenham Hotspur, 0; Derby County, 1 (Goal: Thompson, 10; Bolton Wanderers, 1 (Goal: Jackson, 10; Sheffield United, 1 (Goal: Sampson, 10; West Ham United, 1 (Goal: Watson, 10).

HALF-TIME.

Charlton Athletic, 0; Bolton Wanderers, 1 (Goal: Jackson, 10; Tottenham Hotspur, 0; Sheffield United, 1 (Goal: Sampson, 10; West Ham United, 1 (Goal: Watson, 10).

FOOTBALL RESULTS.

League of Nations Cup: Tottenham Hotspur, 0; Derby County, 1 (Goal: Thompson, 10; Bolton Wanderers, 1 (Goal: Jackson, 10; Sheffield United, 1 (Goal: Sampson, 10; West Ham United, 1 (Goal: Watson, 10).

LEAGUE RESULTS.

FIRST LEAGUE.

Blackburn, 1; Newcastle, 1; Birmingham, 1; Preston, 1.

SECOND LEAGUE.

Coventry, 1; Blackpool, 1; Leicester City, 1; Port Vale, 1; Hull City, 1; Leeds United, 1.

IRELAND V. WALES.

RUGBY INTERNATIONAL IN DUBLIN.

At Lansdowne road, Dublin, yesterday afternoon, Wales engaged in their last international match of the season when they opposed Ireland in the thirty-third encounter between the countries.

The Welshmen had previously lost to England and Scotland before they gained their first victory over France at Swansea a fortnight ago, and as Ireland had also been beaten twice, by England and Scotland, the game naturally had no bearing on the international championship, this resting between England and Scotland, who meet at Inverloch next Saturday.

Wales had experienced great difficulty in getting their team together, and their team, after many alterations, showed no fewer than six changes from that which defeated France by 16 points to 0 in the first test match, which was played at Cardiff on Saturday.

They had a very right wing in J. Powell and T. Collins, both new caps, whilst forward there were four men new to international honours in R. Bedford, T. Richards, J. H. Davies and S. Davies.

Ireland had been much more fortunate in the selection of their team, having to make only one change, C. P. Hallahan, the Services centre, who had been injured by a fall in the first test match, but he had to go, the position being vacated by the debut of J. D. Lynch. The side, as it stood, differed in only two instances from that which lost to Wales last year, and which had beaten Wales last year.

SELECTED TEAMS.

SCOTLAND V. WALES.

The teams for this match at Paisley, on Mar 17 are as follows:—

Scotland: (Port Vale); Russell (Plymouth Argyle), Evans (10), (Southend), John (Arsenal), Keenan (Cardiff City), Jennings (Bolton Wanderers), Hule (Sheff. Wed.), (West Bromwich Albion), Nicholas (Stoke), and Vintars (Bolton Wanderers).

IRELAND V. WALES.

The Irish team, as selected for the match at Lansdowne road, Dublin, on Saturday, is as follows:—

Ireland: (Port Vale); Russell (Plymouth Argyle), Evans (10), (Southend), John (Arsenal), Keenan (Cardiff City), Jennings (Bolton Wanderers), Hule (Sheff. Wed.), (West Bromwich Albion), Nicholas (Stoke), and Vintars (Bolton Wanderers).

ENGLAND V. SCOTLAND.

Mr. G. H. Vile, of Newport, has been appointed to referee the England v. Scotland Rugby match at Edinburgh on March 17.

INTERNATIONAL HOCKEY.

England, 5; Wales, 1.

PRINCE RIDES A FULL COURSE TRIALS BY THE WINNER.

SHORTHREAD VICTORY ON LITTLE FAVOURITE.

The Prince of Wales rode his horse, Little Favourite, to victory in the Welsh Guards' Regimental Race, in which there were eight runners, at Halloworth Hill on Friday, where the Brigade of Guards Point-to-Point meeting was held.

After going three parts of the distance, Little Favourite was clear, with a substantial lead from the rest, with Little Favourite some distance away, and let the Prince, with Little Favourite now in close attendance. The two last-named joined issue close home and an exciting race ended with Little Favourite scoring a most popular victory by a short head from the Prince. Bing Boy was third, and Devonport fourth.

The Prince was heartily cheered on his victory.

STOP PRESS.

Previously the Prince of Wales had ridden his horse, Just An Idea, in the first race for Lord Mansfield's Cup, Just An Idea ran very stoutly, and a fine finish was witnessed between him and Badger II, the latter winning by about a length. The Prince, who had a slight advantage in weight over Badger II, was not able to take advantage of it, and the result was a disappointment to him.

Pet Dog's Win.

It will be recalled that it was over the Halloworth Hill racecourse that the Prince of Wales won the Welsh Guards' Cup (Challenge Cup) on Feb. 24 on April 1, 1921, his horse being the only one of the three starters to complete the course. Friday's race, however, was decided over Lord Mansfield's Farm, which is adjacent to the racecourse.

Little Favourite is an aged bay gelding by Viko out of Favourite, and was purchased by Mr. J. A. T. Trench, Clondalkin, Co. Dublin, in January.

Just An Idea is also an aged bay gelding, and is by Popoff, the dam being unknown. He was purchased by Mr. J. A. T. Trench, Clondalkin, Co. Dublin, in January.

Both horses have been entered for the Ladies' Purse, to be decided at the Devonport Racecourse at Exeter on Wednesday, March 14. The event will be confined to amateur riders whose names have been approved by a committee of the Devonport Racecourse.

F.A. INQUIRY POSTPONED.

After a sitting lasting several hours the Commission appointed by the Football Association to sit the allegations connected with the Second Welsh Cup, which was held at Cardiff on Saturday, Feb. 24, 1923, adjourned its proceedings to the early part of 1924.

When the matches were played Coventry City were in danger of being expelled from the Football Association, as they had lost three points which they gained at the expense of Bury, who were very valuable to them.

The charges which the Commission inquired into were that the Football Association had made a statement to the Bury Club after a meeting to consider the position of the directors of the Bury Club.

OXFORD XV. TO PLAY IN GERMANY.

The first meeting since the war of English and German university students at Rugby football has been arranged for the coming year. The Oxford XV. will be sent to Germany to play a series of matches against German university teams.

HEIDELBERG VARSITY TO BE MET.

The first meeting since the war of English and German university students at Rugby football has been arranged for the coming year. The Oxford XV. will be sent to Germany to play a series of matches against German university teams.

KING AND MARATHON RACE.

The King has again shown his interest in the Marston Race for the "Sporting Life" trophy by graciously giving the trophy to the Marston Race Club, who are to hold the race on Saturday, June 1, 1923.

CARPENTERY V. SIKI.

The French boxing Federation held a meeting on Thursday and took note of the fact that the French boxing Federation had decided to hold a series of matches against German university teams.

LIGHT BLUES SLIGHTLY SUPERIOR AT PRESENT.

(By an Old Oarsman.)

Both the University crews are now at Putney and they have made a very favourable impression on the river-side critics. Both are well forward in their training, and are practically on an equality as regards weight.

Of the two performances, the prettier crew, Cambridge, in the words of Ernest Barry, the ex-champion sculler of the world, are real watermen, and there seems to be a little more power in their work than in that of the Dark Blues.

Their leg-drive is superior, and they have a shade more length. At present they are slightly the better eight, but Oxford are showing great promise, and under Mr. Harcourt Gold are likely to make great strides in the last fortnight. Cambridge are being coached again by Mr. G. L. Thompson, who is sure to get them into the best shape possible by the day of the race.

The two crews lost no time in giving their men full course trials on Friday evening in Epsom 44, and Oxford, on the other hand, yesterday morning, with everything in their favour, put up the last time of 1923 in the Light Blues was the most impressive. All through the men did their work well, there was no shortening of the stroke, and in the final burst the form was maintained splendidly.

Oxford on the other hand, though showing pace did not finish too well, several of the crew being obviously distressed, and the form in the last two minutes was ragged.

The times of the two trials need not be taken into account—the conditions are always so different that any comparison in this respect is useless, but what they did prove, to my mind, is that Sanders is the superior stroke. When I saw him first he gave me the impression of being more likely to "burn" the rowers than the Oxford stroke does not finish so well, and the crew are more likely to lose their form, if but only a slight advantage in weight over Cambridge at present, but this is less than a stone in the aggregate, so there is really little in it in this respect. A good sign for both.

GERALD L. WINS AT HURST PARK.

Gerald L. won the Hurst Park Trial Steeplechase yesterday by a neck. He pulled up leg-weary after the race, and odds of 10 to 1 were offered about him for the Grand National. Details:—

3.0-Mile Hurst Park Trial Steeplechase.

Hurst Park, 4.15.1923.

1. Gerald L. (Mr. G. L. Thompson), 11.10.2. 2. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 11.15.3. 3. Badger II (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 11.20.4. 4. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 11.25.5. 5. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 11.30.6. 6. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 11.35.7. 7. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 11.40.8. 8. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 11.45.9. 9. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 11.50.10. 10. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 11.55.11. 11. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 12.00.12. 12. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 12.05.13. 13. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 12.10.14. 14. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 12.15.15. 15. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 12.20.16. 16. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 12.25.17. 17. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 12.30.18. 18. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 12.35.19. 19. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 12.40.20. 20. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 12.45.21. 21. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 12.50.22. 22. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 12.55.23. 23. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 13.00.24. 24. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 13.05.25. 25. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 13.10.26. 26. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 13.15.27. 27. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 13.20.28. 28. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 13.25.29. 29. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 13.30.30. 30. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 13.35.31. 31. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 13.40.32. 32. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 13.45.33. 33. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 13.50.34. 34. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 13.55.35. 35. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 14.00.36. 36. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 14.05.37. 37. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 14.10.38. 38. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 14.15.39. 39. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 14.20.40. 40. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 14.25.41. 41. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 14.30.42. 42. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 14.35.43. 43. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 14.40.44. 44. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 14.45.45. 45. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 14.50.46. 46. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 14.55.47. 47. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 15.00.48. 48. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 15.05.49. 49. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 15.10.50. 50. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 15.15.51. 51. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 15.20.52. 52. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 15.25.53. 53. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 15.30.54. 54. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 15.35.55. 55. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 15.40.56. 56. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 15.45.57. 57. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 15.50.58. 58. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 15.55.59. 59. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 16.00.60. 60. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 16.05.61. 61. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 16.10.62. 62. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 16.15.63. 63. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 16.20.64. 64. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 16.25.65. 65. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 16.30.66. 66. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 16.35.67. 67. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 16.40.68. 68. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 16.45.69. 69. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 16.50.70. 70. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 16.55.71. 71. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 17.00.72. 72. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 17.05.73. 73. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 17.10.74. 74. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 17.15.75. 75. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 17.20.76. 76. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 17.25.77. 77. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 17.30.78. 78. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 17.35.79. 79. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 17.40.80. 80. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 17.45.81. 81. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 17.50.82. 82. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 17.55.83. 83. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 18.00.84. 84. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 18.05.85. 85. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 18.10.86. 86. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 18.15.87. 87. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 18.20.88. 88. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 18.25.89. 89. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 18.30.90. 90. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 18.35.91. 91. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 18.40.92. 92. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 18.45.93. 93. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 18.50.94. 94. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 18.55.95. 95. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 19.00.96. 96. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 19.05.97. 97. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 19.10.98. 98. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 19.15.99. 99. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 19.20.100. 100. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 19.25.101. 101. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 19.30.102. 102. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 19.35.103. 103. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 19.40.104. 104. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 19.45.105. 105. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 19.50.106. 106. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 19.55.107. 107. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 20.00.108. 108. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 20.05.109. 109. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 20.10.110. 110. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 20.15.111. 111. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 20.20.112. 112. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 20.25.113. 113. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 20.30.114. 114. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 20.35.115. 115. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 20.40.116. 116. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 20.45.117. 117. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 20.50.118. 118. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 20.55.119. 119. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 21.00.120. 120. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 21.05.121. 121. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 21.10.122. 122. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 21.15.123. 123. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 21.20.124. 124. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 21.25.125. 125. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 21.30.126. 126. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 21.35.127. 127. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 21.40.128. 128. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 21.45.129. 129. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 21.50.130. 130. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 21.55.131. 131. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 22.00.132. 132. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 22.05.133. 133. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 22.10.134. 134. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 22.15.135. 135. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 22.20.136. 136. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 22.25.137. 137. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 22.30.138. 138. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 22.35.139. 139. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 22.40.140. 140. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 22.45.141. 141. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 22.50.142. 142. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 22.55.143. 143. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 23.00.144. 144. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 23.05.145. 145. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 23.10.146. 146. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 23.15.147. 147. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 23.20.148. 148. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 23.25.149. 149. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 23.30.150. 150. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 23.35.151. 151. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 23.40.152. 152. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 23.45.153. 153. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 23.50.154. 154. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 23.55.155. 155. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 24.00.156. 156. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 24.05.157. 157. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 24.10.158. 158. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 24.15.159. 159. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 24.20.160. 160. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 24.25.161. 161. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 24.30.162. 162. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 24.35.163. 163. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 24.40.164. 164. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 24.45.165. 165. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 24.50.166. 166. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 24.55.167. 167. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 25.00.168. 168. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 25.05.169. 169. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 25.10.170. 170. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 25.15.171. 171. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 25.20.172. 172. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 25.25.173. 173. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 25.30.174. 174. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 25.35.175. 175. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 25.40.176. 176. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 25.45.177. 177. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 25.50.178. 178. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 25.55.179. 179. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 26.00.180. 180. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 26.05.181. 181. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 26.10.182. 182. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 26.15.183. 183. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 26.20.184. 184. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 26.25.185. 185. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 26.30.186. 186. Devonport (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 26.35.187. 187. Just An Idea (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 26.40.188. 188. Little Favourite (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 26.45.189. 189. Bing Boy (Mr. J. A. T. Trench), 26.50.190. 190. Devonport (Mr. J. A